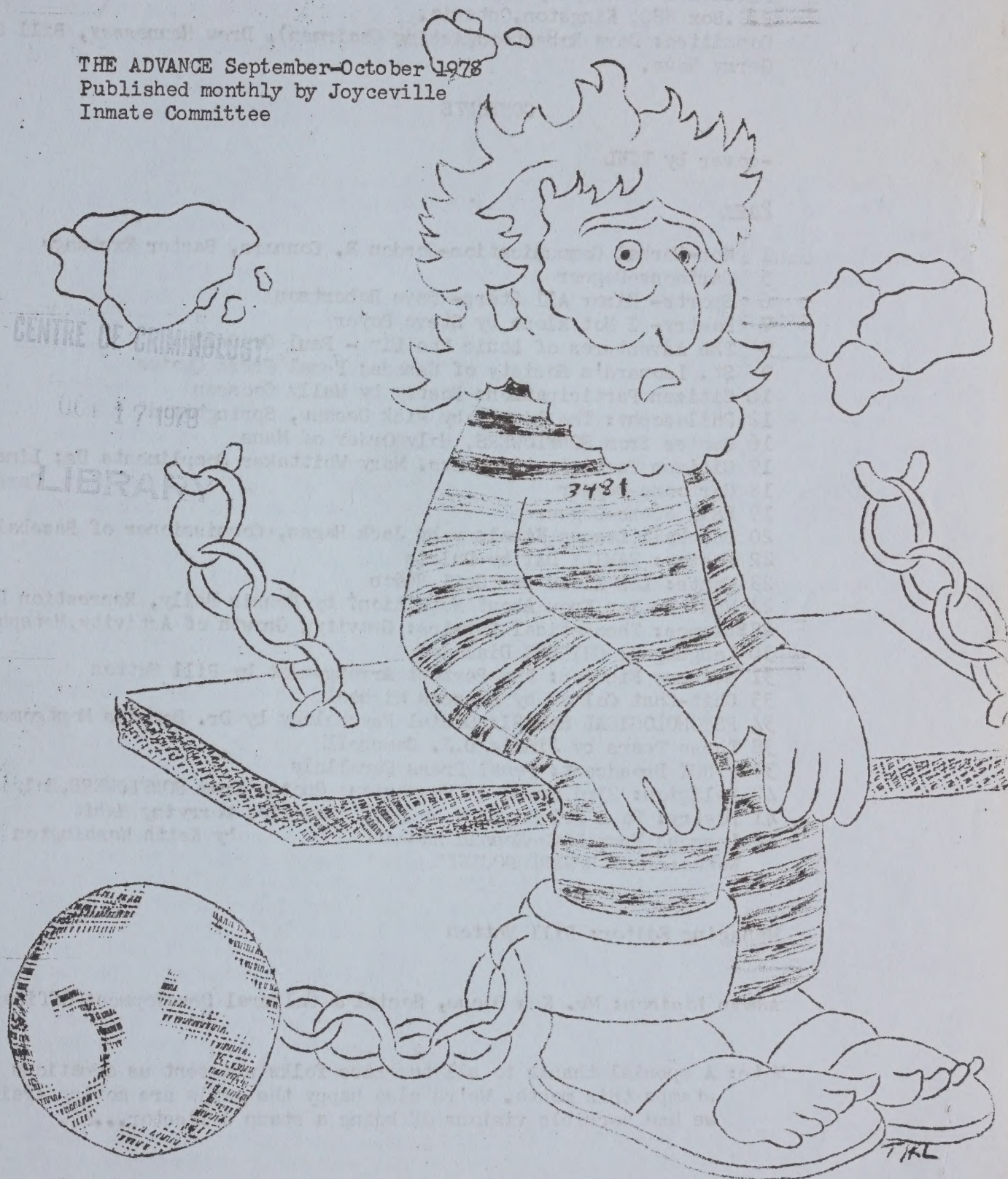


THE ADVANCE September-October 1978
Published monthly by Joyceville
Inmate Committee



SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1978

ADVANCE, ADVANCE

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Published monthly by Joyceville Inmate Committee,

P.O.Box 880, Kingston, Ontario.

Committee: Dave Robertson (Acting Chairman), Drew Hennessey, Bill Cole,
Gerry Rowe.

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-cover by TIKL

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Note: A special thanks to all the nice folks who sent us donations for stamps this month. We're also happy the mails are moving again, since we had horrible visions of being a stamp collector...Ed.

NON-VERBAL COMMUNICATION:

Messages Without Words by Gordon R. Connors

Article #2

READING BODY LANGUAGE

Before I begin discussing the many channels of communication besides words that exist, here's an exercise that will both increase your skill in observing nonverbal behavior and show you the dangers of being too sure that you're a perfect reader of body language. You can try the exercise at any place and the period of time over which you do is flexible, from a single period to several days. In any case, begin by choosing a partner and then follow these directions:

(1) For the first period of time (however long you decide to make it), observe the way your partner behaves. Notice how he moves, his mannerisms, postures, the way he speaks, how he dresses and so on. To remember your observations, jot them down. If you're doing this exercise over an extended period of time, there's no need to let your observations interfere with what you'd normally be doing. Your only job here is to compile a list of your partner's behaviors. In this step you should be careful not to interpret your partner's actions, just record what you see.

(2) At the end of the time period share what you've seen with your partner. He'll do the same with you.

(3) For the next period of time your job is to not only observe your partner's behavior, but also to interpret it. This time in your conference you should tell your partner what you thought his actions said about him. For example, if he dressed carelessly, did you think this meant he overslept, that he's losing interest in his appearance, or that he is trying to be more comfortable? If you noticed him yawning frequently, did you think he was bored, tired from a late night or sleepy after a big meal? Don't feel bad if your guesses weren't all correct. Remember, nonverbal clues tend to be ambiguous. You may be surprised how checking out the nonverbal clues you observe can help build a relationship with another person.



(4) At the end of the third and final time period, again tell your partner what behaviors you observed and what you think they meant. But this time you should also share how they made you feel.

"MR. KELLY, that man's here about the job. He looks a bit drippy!"

For example, your partner may have looked at you with an expression that you interpreted as anger or disgust. In such a case (a) Explain what you saw, (b) What you thought it meant, (c) How you felt.

Don't get into a discussion about the correctness of having such a feeling. You did have it and that makes it important to your relationships. You may find, however, that your interpretation of the non-verbal behavior was mistaken and in this case your feeling was caused by a mistake. If this happened, you might ask yourself how often this sort of thing occurs in your life. What can you do to reduce this kind of misunderstanding?

The above exercise was designed to show you the difference between observing somebody's behavior and interpreting it. Seeing someone's shaky hands or smile is one thing, but deciding what it means is quite another. If you're like most of us, you'll find a lot of your guesses were incorrect. If that's true in this simple exercise, think about how often you may be incorrect in your daily life. The only way to check out if your hunches are correct is to check them out verbally. You may have found too that discussing your feelings with someone else may have strengthened your relationship. I have found in the past that this is often the case. Even using "I" in explaining your feelings to others will increase the sensitivity you have in picking up the clues other people's behavior send out to you.

WAYS TO COMMUNICATE IN ADDITION TO WORDS (Keep in mind the 5 characteristics of non-verbal communication as we go through this section).

(1) PROXEMICS- DISTANCE AS NON-VERBAL COMMUNICATION

Proxemics is the study of ways in which people and animals use space. You can sometimes tell the way people are feeling towards each other by simply noting the distance between them. You can try this by conversing with people you like and taking note of the distance between you when you talk and observing that distance when talking to people you either don't like or are afraid of. Observe the differences in these distances and you'll understand what I mean.

You've probably noticed how your feelings changed as the distance between you and the other people narrowed or broadened. You probably were uncomfortable at times. The reason for this discomfort has to do with your territorial needs. Each of us carries around a sort of invisible bubble of personal space wherever we go. We think of this area inside the bubble as our own territory like the plot of land our house is on and we protect that space from invasion by others. It is really a part of our own bodies.

TRY THIS: As you're talking to someone slowly begin to move in on him, closer, closer and closer until you're right up close to him. Don't stop talking, just keep conversing with him. I'm positive at some point you'll violate his personal space and he'll move away from you to make himself comfortable. We can learn a lot about people when we know the boundaries of their personal space. Practice judging the personal space of people engaged in conversation and then check out what you observe and interpret by asking them if your impressions are correct about the way

they felt towards the person they were engaged in discussions with. You'll be amazed at how accurate you become at this and in a very short period of time as well.

INTIMATE DISTANCE: the first zone I want to talk about. It begins with skin contact and ranges out to about 18 inches. We usually use intimate distance with people who are emotionally very close to us, and then in mostly private situations--making love, caressing, comforting, protecting. By allowing someone to enter our intimate distance we are usually letting them enter our territory. When we do this voluntarily it is usually a sign of trust. We've willingly lowered our defenses. On the other hand, when someone invades this most personal area without our consent, we usually feel threatened. This could explain why we often feel discomfort when forced into crowded places like public transit or elevators with strangers. At times like these we usually tense our muscles or avoid eye contact which by the way is one way of communicating the message: "I'm sorry for invading your personal space, but the situation forced it."

In courtship there is a critical message that can be obtained from reading personal space. Remember on those dates at the drive-in, the significance of where on the car seat our dates chose to sit. Those who stayed glued to the passenger door were usually a write off, but those that moved close to your side were much more amenable to what we had in mind. If only you knew then about intimate distance, it could have saved a lot of fast talking, forceful persuading and slapped faces.

PERSONAL DISTANCE: This second spatial zone ranges from eighteen inches at its closest point to four feet at its farthest. Its closer phase is the distance most couples stand in public. But if someone of the opposite sex stands this near one partner at a party, the other partner is likely to feel uncomfortable. This "moving in" often is taken to mean that something more than casual conversation is taking place. The far range of personal distance runs from about 2½ to four feet. It's the zone just beyond the other person's reach. We can literally keep someone "at arm's length" at this distance. The contacts in this zone are still reasonably close, but they're much less personal than the ones that occur a foot or so closer.

SOCIAL DISTANCE: This third zone ranges from about 4 feet to 12 feet out. Within it are the kinds of communication that usually occur in business situations. Its close phase, from 4 to seven feet is the distance at which conversations usually occur between salespeople and customers and between people who work together. Most people feel uncomfortable when a sales clerk comes as close as 3 feet, whereas 4-5 feet nonverbally signals, "I'm here to help you, but I don't mean to be too personal or too pushy."

We use the far range of social distance, 7-12 feet, for more formal or impersonal situations. This is the range at which we sit from our boss (or authority figure) as he stares across his desk at us. This distance signals a far different and relaxed type of situation than would be the case if we were to pull a chair around to the boss's side of the desk and sit only 2-3 feet away.

PUBLIC DISTANCE: This last and farthest zone runs outward beyond the

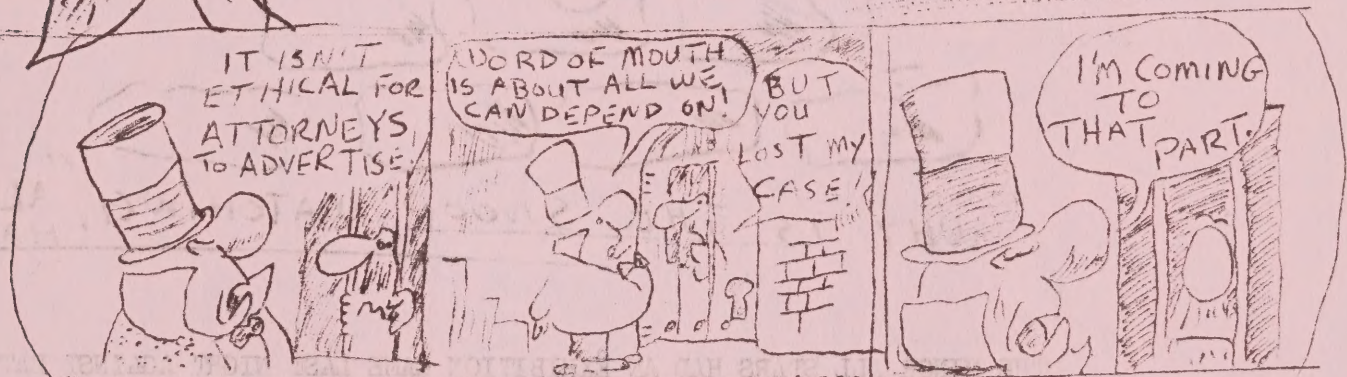
12 foot limit of social distance. The closer range of public distance is the one that most teachers use in the classroom. In the farther reaches of public space--25 feet and beyond--two-way communication is almost impossible. In some cases it's necessary for speakers to use public distance due to the size of their audience (rock groups are often in this position) but we can assume that anyone who chooses to use it when he could be closer is not interested in having a dialogue.

Physical invasion isn't the only way people penetrate our spatial bubble. We're just as upset or uncomfortable when someone intrudes on our visual territory. If you've had the unpleasant experience of being stared at you know this can be just as threatening as having someone get too close. In most situations however, people respect each other's visual privacy. You can test this the next time you're walking in public. As you approach another person, notice how he'll shift his glance away from you at a distance of a few paces, almost like a visual dimming of headlights. Generally, strangers maintain eye contact at a close distance only when they want something--information, assistance, signatures on a petition, recognition, a handout, etc.

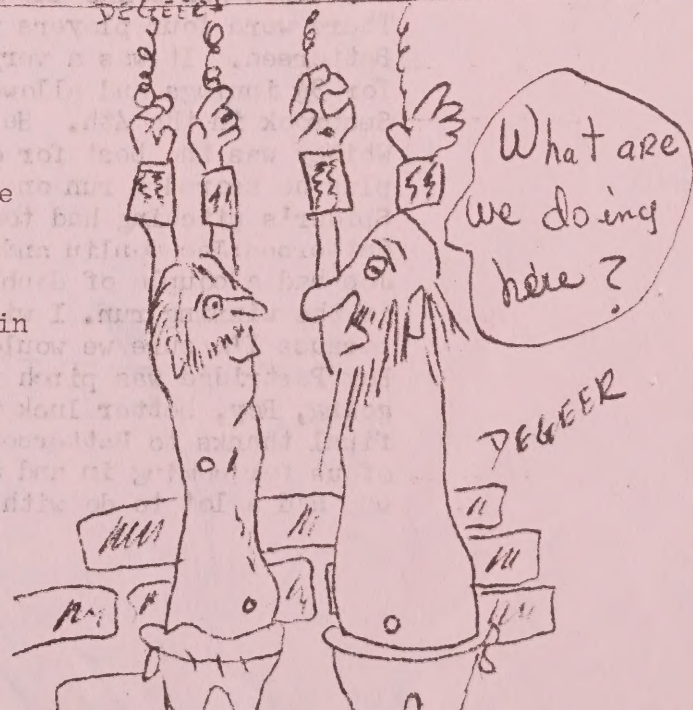
The way people use space can communicate a good deal about power and status relationships. Generally, we grant people with higher status more personal space and therefore greater privacy. We knock before entering our boss's office, whereas they can usually walk into our work area without hesitating. In traditional schools, professors have offices, dining rooms, even toilets that are private, while the students who are presumably less important, have no such sanctuaries. In the military greater space and privacy usually come with rank.

For a period of several days, keep track of the role space plays in your life. Notice the distance between yourself and others. Does it change according to the situation? What does the distance between you and someone else say about your relationships? How would the relationship change if you moved closer or farther away? How would it change if the other person moved?

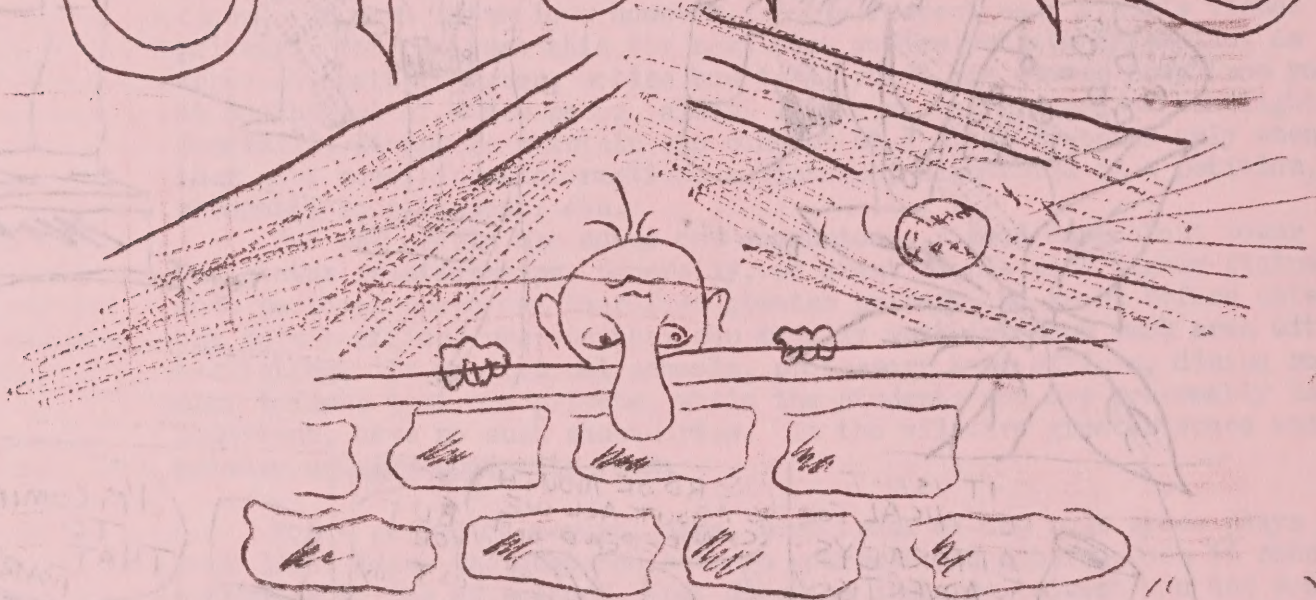
THE NEXT AREA OF NON-VERBAL COMMUNICATION I WANT TO TALK ABOUT IS THE BROAD FIELD OF KINESICS OR BODY MOTION. IN THE NEXT ARTICLE I'LL EXPLORE WITH YOU THE ROLE THAT POSTURE, GESTURES, BODY ORIENTATION, FACIAL EXPRESSIONS AND EYE BEHAVIORS PLAY IN OUR RELATIONSHIPS WITH EACH OTHER.....



NOTE: Charlie Sheridan's Column will not appear in the Joyceville Newspaper this month due to administrative objections as to content. We are sorry about this Charlie, and hope to see you again next month. Ed.



SPORTS



WHY IS THE SNOOP WATCHING, "ALICE"!? HA HA! °°

THE MINOR ALL STARS HAD AN EXHIBITION GAME LAST NIGHT AGAINST BATTERSEA. There were four players picked off each minor team to play against Battersea. It was a very good game all around. Big Ed. Ferrill pitched for $3\frac{1}{2}$ innings and allowed only 2 runs. He was relieved by Ken (Farmer) Seabrook in the 4th. He also pitched a good game. As far as hitting went, Whitey was the best for our team. First time up to bat he hit a home run plus he scored a run on stolen bases. Myself, I couldn't hit at all. Guess Spider's pitching had too much stuff on it. Two of our guys played for Battersea: Joe Conlin and Bill Shelley. They both played a very good game. Joe had a couple of doubles and Bill hit the sacrifice fly which brought in the winning run. I wish we could have a return match against this team, because I'm sure we would beat them. One last thing before I sign off. Roy Partridge was pinch running and was called out for lead-offs. Nice going, Roy, better luck next time. Good luck guys in the finals. One final thanks to Battersea. Great game guys, and thanks a bunch from all of us for coming in and a special thanks to Ed Ferrill and Jerry Patterson who had a lot to do with arranging that game.

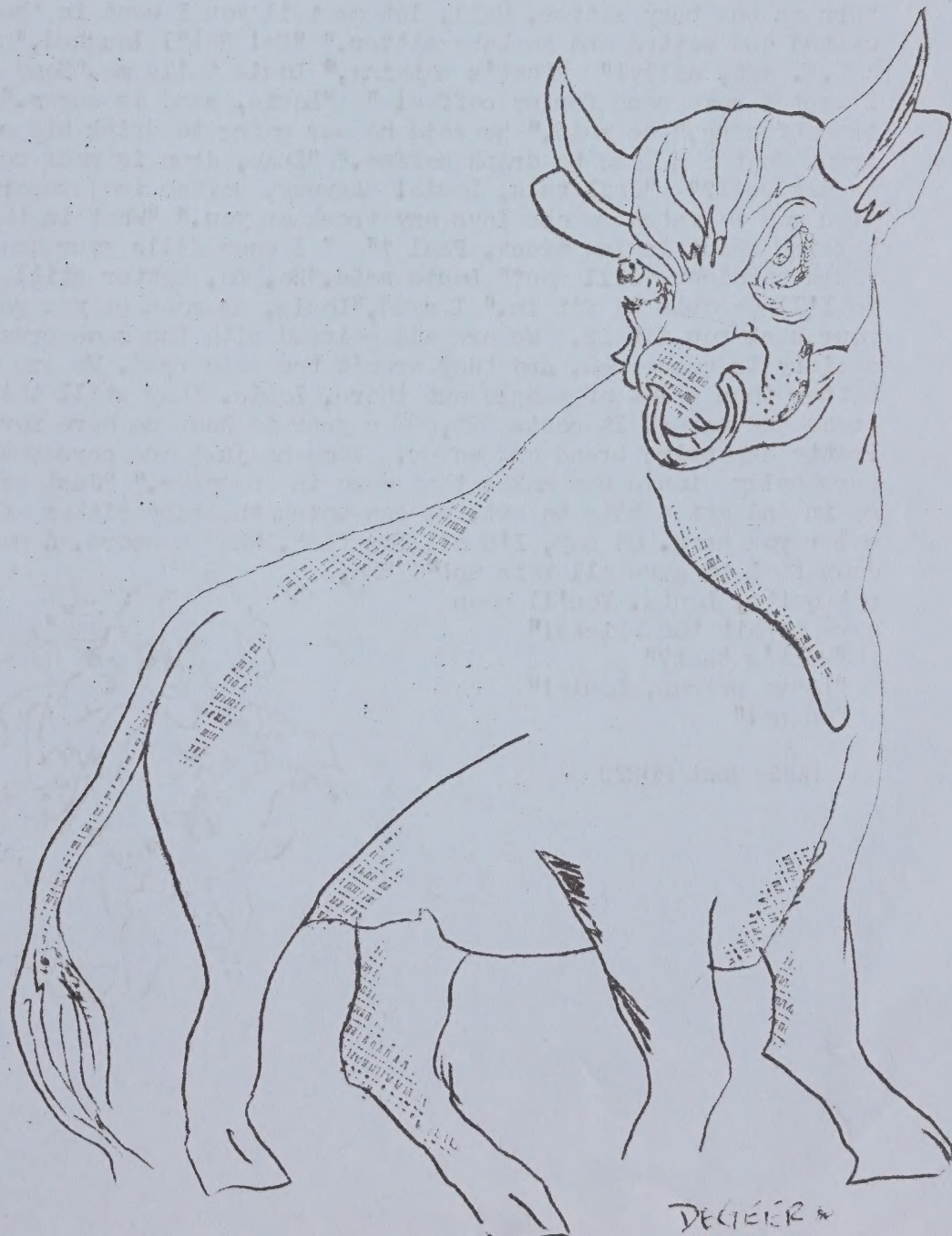
—Dave Robertson

I NOT ALONE by Steve Boyer

Where have I been these 20 years?
I so young, full of tender tears.
Was it all so painful to forget?
That I should be bound here in regret.

Come the time I find my love,
Also to find inspirations indeed,
Inside has given me chance,
And the change I need.

My brethren lie amongst us,
My sisters await their return,
There shall be others like me,
But in time, they too will learn.



THE ADVENTURES OF LOUIE THE LIP....

JAIL JARGON

One day I'm sitting in the outside yard and Louie the Lip comes over to me all worried looking and says, "Paul, you gotta help me. I'm not hep to the step in here." I say, "What do you mean, Louie?" He says, "Well, you know I just come in last week here, and it's my first bit, right? Well, the guys around here sure do talk funny." "In what way?" I replied. He said "Well, this morning someone say there was a bacon buzzard on the range. Well let me tell you I sure got out of there." I laughed and said, "Louie, a bacon buzzard is a guy who gets up early when they serve bacon and takes more than his share so he can cook it up later in the evening." He said, "Oh...You know what else they told me? That this here guy was a skinner and I went over and asked him if he ever skinned any beavers." I said, "What? That's a fellow who's in for a sex crime. "O.K. then," he said, "Another guy on my range said to go in the common room if I had nothing to do and turn on the baby sitter. Well, let me tell you I went in there quick and I waited and waited and no baby sitter." "Ha! Ha!" I laughed, "A baby sitter is a T.V. set, silly!" "That's nothing," Louie tells me. "Some guy asked me if I wanted some sand for my coffee!" "Louie, sand is sugar." "Boy, it sure is confusing," he said, "He said he was going to drink his coffee in his drum. What a place to drink coffee." "Louie, drum is your cell. "Why didn't he say cell?" "Jail talk, Louie! Anyway, coffee is java or mud," I said, "You got to watch no one lays any track on you." "What in the world are you talking about laying track, Paul?" "I mean fills your head with stories." "Talk straight, will you?" Louie said. "No, no, better still, let me know more so I'll be able to fit in." I said, "Louie, as soon as you get a number on your back you fit in. We are all painted with the same brush as far as society is concerned. And they aren't too concerned. We are living a lot better than a lot of people out there, Louie. They still think we live on bread and water. It costs \$25,000 a year to keep us here for one year, Louie. Pretty expensive bread and water. Name me just one person that you know personally Louie who makes that much in one year." "Just as I thought. Let's go in and get a bite to eat. We can watch the baby sitter after. It's in color you know. Oh boy, I'm all for that. What a score. A man would be a damn fool to give all this up!" "No, not quite, Louie. You'll soon have to hit the bricks!"

"What's that?"

"Leave prison, Louie!"

"Oh no!"

MORE NEXT MONTH



LIBBY FUND TOPS GOAL-NOW OVER \$6,000

9

It is with special appreciation for a private, charitable foundation, The Audrey Hellyer Charitable Foundation, that the St. Leonard's Society of Canada announces that this year's \$5,000 goal for the Libby Fund has been surpassed. With the \$1,000 donation from the Hellyer Foundation, the capital of the Fund now stands at \$6,005.

The "Rev. T.N. Libby Memorial Fund" was established by the St. Leonard's Society of Canada to commemorate the devoted work of Neil Libby for ex-offenders and the halfway house movement across Canada over the past 17 years. Neil Libby was the founding Executive Director of St. Leonard's House Windsor in 1961 and then, in 1967, of the national St. Leonard's Society of Canada where he remained Executive Director until his sudden death on February 18th, 1978. Rev. Libby died of an unexpected heart attack in Phoenix, Arizona, at the age of 47 years.

The capital of the Libby Fund will now be used in a long-term investment and the interest earned will be used yearly for the training and/or education of ex-offenders. Announcements of the awards will be made by the Board of Directors at the Annual Meetings which are held in October. It is possible that a small award will be made at the October 18th Annual Meeting this year at the Richelieu Inn in Windsor, Ontario.

The next year's goal for the Fund is to increase the capital to \$10,000. There have been 120 donations made to date, many as "In Memoriam's" for deceased relatives and friends of the many supporters of St. Leonard's Society. It is expected that such donations will continue—registered charitable income tax receipts are given. In this way, the Rev. T.N. Libby Memorial Fund will truly be perpetual in supporting self-help for ex-offenders in community corrections.

PENAL PRESS

Weekly Progress, Marquette, Michigan

"A study of prison inmates shows a significant number underwent major events that changed their lives in the year before they were imprisoned."

Interim, Oklahoma State from
Law Review, August 1, 1978
U.S. District Court, E.D. Oklahoma,
Civ.A. No. 72-95, June 14, 1977, excerpt.

"Persons are sent to prison as punishment, not FOR punishment; it is incumbent upon the incarcerating body to provide the individual with a healthy rehabilitative environment. Lack of financing is not a defense to failure of the state to provide minimum constitutional standards within prisons."



A Light For You by Wally Goossen

Today I thought of you again
before the day began,
And thought perhaps you're lonely too
as is the lot of man.

Each day before the daily cares
begin to crowd my mind,
I pause to check the mailbox
And daily this I find:

Envelopes of various shapes
and various sizes too,
From people who are lonely,
Who hurt like me and you.

The darkness of lost hopes
and hearts too pained to feel,
Each day I lay before me
Which words like "help" reveal.

Like Job we curse the darkness
forgetting all too soon,
That darkness brings the stars
And goldshine of the moon.

We cry for light and love
but fail to raise our eyes,
To the eternal Son
Whose glory lights the skies.

Light a light, please, for me,
was your tender plea,
Here is a candle sent by Him,
by me, that **Son** - light you may see.

His love for you is greater
than in man you can find,
It's tender, full of mercy,
so gentle and so kind.

Men love so much to argue
if God is real or not,
Or if He also is a judge—
The truth is soon forgot:

The truth that He will answer
our cry for daily light,
And put an end to argument
and put our doubts to flight.

Light a light, please, for me,
was your yearning plea.
Take this candle in your night
and Son light you will see.



FROM WALLY GOOSSEN TO FRIENDS

Glad to hear that you enjoy writing. There is absolutely nothing like it in the universe as far as I'm concerned. You can clear your thinking with it; that is, write down your ideas and get to know yourself. You can entertain yourself, and you can share yourself with others.

Creative writing is the hardest of all and most entertaining (one can also learn to spell). Keep it up. If you write regularly for a year or two you'll be amazed at your progress. Send some stuff to newspapers and church papers. Even if you start with letters to the editor, it will give you an experience of expressing yourself publicly and getting reader reaction.

I'm no poet but I love to rhyme. I'm pretty bad but I do it all the time. Perhaps it's the music in my ear makes me do this, but in any case it's fun. Keep right on with your hobby. —Wally

I just have time for a little rhyme,
A word or two of cheer,
To say that you are on my mind and
Wish that you were here.

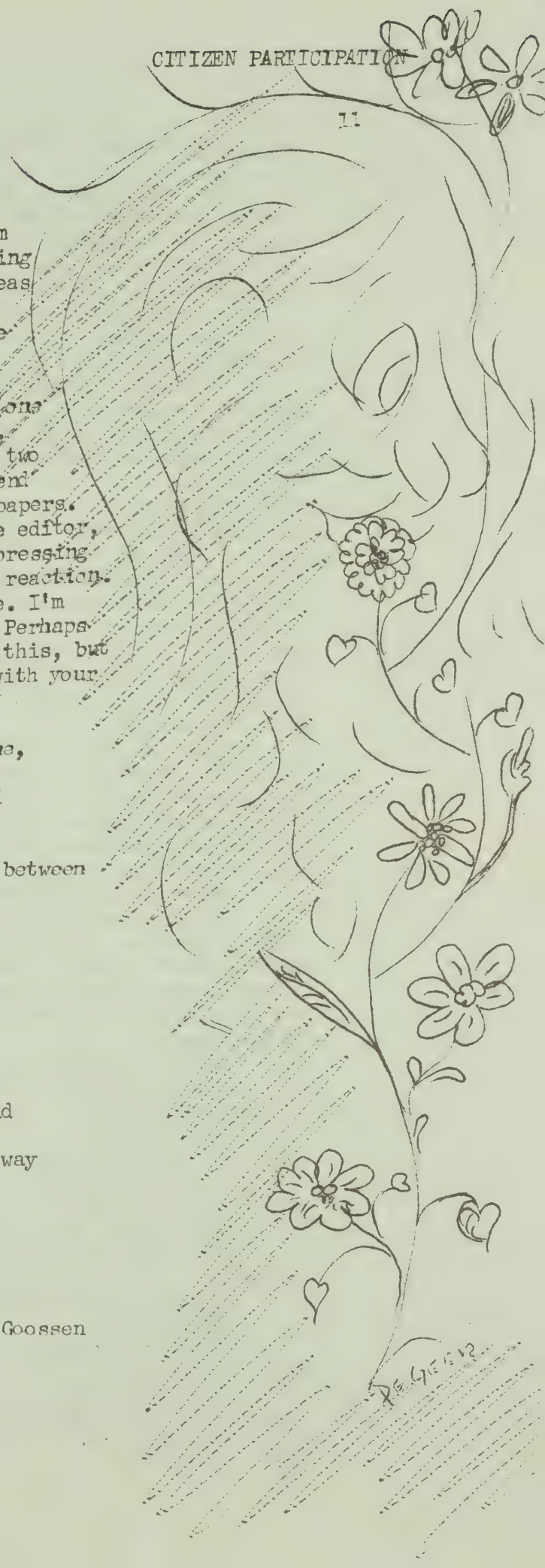
But since the miles stretched far between
The two of us today,
Keep up your hopes and spirit too
Is all that I can say.

Who knows but in the future years,
When the unknown is the known,
You will look upon this time
As a time when you have grown.

And all that you are hoping for and
Seems unlikely now,
Will still by His grace come your way
And you'll be glad for now.

My rhyme is awkward, hastily writ,
But the message is so clear,
God will His wonders still unfold,
Because He holds you dear.

—Wally Goossen



The Lineup by Dick DeShaw, Springboard

The inside of my brain was on fire. How did I know? Well, my eyes were closed and yet I could still see the flames. If I could figure out how to open my eyes, I would find the sink in my room and pour some water on my head. Let's see. What neurons run to the eyes? Hell! When you feel like this, there's no use being scientific.

I found the connection and opened one eye very slowly. Help. My hotel room is also on fire. I closed my eye. No use seeing what was destroying me.

Nothing happened. The flames still burned inside my head, but I wasn't consumed.

Here I go. 1...2...3...! I opened both eyes. God. I must have been really wiped out last night. I forgot to pull the shades down. The fire was nothing more than the early morning sun. I started to get up, to throw the covers off, but there were none on me. I was fully dressed. That is, if you could call these foul-smelling things I was wearing, clothes.

I crawled to the window, but not directly. Several times the loose threads in the maroon excuse for a rug on the floor trapped my hands and pitched me face forward into patches of left-over food, empty beer bottles or spilt pipe ashes and matchsticks. By the time I had reached the window, my face was an interesting collage. I had found a new art form--the Day-After Smear. Probably not so original. After all, I'm not the first guy to recover from a binge. I must have REALLY laid one on last night. I closed the blinds.

After a cup of overcooked black coffee and one scorched arm,(never could figure out those damn gas stoves) I felt ready to face the world. I stumbled to the door for the paper. Six papers? The latest, and least yellow of the papers,(the neighbor's tomcat always beats me to them) said the day was Thursday, June 12th. I always mark the days off on my calendar and the last date marked was Friday, June 6th.

No wonder I felt wooly. I was just coming off a six day drunk.

An hour and many recriminations later, I arrived at that part of the city which nice people don't visit. That's where my office is. My office is six stories up on a six-storey,walkup flat. I don't get much off the street trade. Hell, I don't get many customers at all. Just the occasional sucker who picks me out of the yellow pages sight unseen. Detective for hire. Cheap.

I opened the door a crack to see if my faithful secretary still felt it was worth her while to come to work. She apparently did, or at least still came out of habit. I fondly call her "port" which is an abbreviation for: Portress of Hell Gate. You know, that fiend who guards the gates of hell in Milton's Paradise Lost? The one who let the hell hounds loose on Satan? This accurately describes our relationship. I rather dreaded the hell hounds of her tongue this morning. Port has a christian name but we mutually agreed to disregard it. It never did fit her. Too sweet.

She looked up and made a face, as if she had tasted something disagreeable.

"Well, look what the cat dragged in. Or should I say, threw up?"

"Miss me?"

"You, no. Your pay cheque, yes. You haven't paid me for last week. Where were you?"

"I'm not sure, but it must have been fascinating. Fascinating enough to blot out my memory for a week. Don't worry about your cheque. I'll hock something today."

"What? Your skivvies? If you have any left. Oh--you've got a customer in your office."

"In my office? You're slipping. I thought you guarded my office and my mind with the tenacity of unquestioned facts."

"Look, Sam. Neither your office nor your mind have needed guarding for a long time. Both are rotting from misuse. Anyway, this customer is different. When you see her, you'll know what I mean."

"Her? That sounds interesting."

She sat on the corner of my desk. Her long legs commandeered the view as I entered the room. The sensual relaxation of those legs spoke volumes of the effortless way she approached life. And the rest of her body... superlatives would only diminish the magnificence of that form. One sexy broad, but not in a gross way, if you know what I mean.

"So here you are," I said.

She turned and looked at me and the look melted right through that harsh reality which I call my life. Lips opened, of the sort that hadn't existed since Eve charmed Adam and a sound came out of them that could more properly be called music, rather than speech.

"I need your help. They're after me."

The melody of her speaking seemed to belie her words. It was as if a cigarette commercial had been set to Beethoven's Ninth. I like Beethoven and I liked her voice. I could have listened to her all day and not cared whether I understood a word or not. Her voice opened up a cathedral of pleasure. I haven't been to church since I was thirteen and got kicked out for drinking communion wine on the sly. Then the priest decided to do away with my services. Her voice awakened old memories of incense...and wine.

I became conscious of my six-day stubble and rubbed my chin as if to wipe it clean. Business hasn't been good lately and the bottle has been better. A six day drunk is no way to greet a broad of this sort. Being a detective in everyday life isn't all it's cracked up to be. Reality can be pretty nasty, or at least that's the way it's seemed to me, lately. I tried to force my numb brain into some kind of order and being a detective, I began to analyze her statement, out of habit.

"Who's after you, and why?"

Terror seemed to heighten the innocence of her face. That kind of terror has no place in a face like that. It was like a hickey on a baby's cheek. I instantly wanted to run out and kill them all--the who.

"All of them. Everywhere I go, they attack me. Why, on the way to your office, one of them pulled me into the alley. The things he said to me! And then he grabbed my skirt. I pulled loose and ran, but not before he tore my skirt."

For the first time I noticed that the slit in her skirt which displayed the magnificent leg was not intentional. The leg was so prominent in the scene that one failed to notice that the slit was an uneven rip.

"Who legged the rip, er, slit the leg, er, ripped the skirt?"

She noticed me admiring her leg and in spite of her earlier terror, her pleasure over this fact seemed to take over and she smiled at my fumbling.

"I don't know. I don't know who they are or why they're after me. That's why I want to hire you. To find out who and why. My virginity is still intact but everywhere I go, they try to soil me."

"What's your name, Honey?" I said, and immediately hated myself for the application of familiarity which the word, "honey" cast over my words."

"Ideal."

"Miss or Mrs.?"

"Just Ideal. I told you, I'm a virgin. I'm not married."

Of course, I thought, no broad of this caliber would be a virgin unless she was either unmarried or married to one dumb cluck, a fruit of the first order. I felt like kicking myself in the head for the dumb question. However, I don't claim to be bright. Intellectually, I'm a plodder. I often have to make up, circumspectively, what I fail to come to directly. I usually discover facts after they hit me over the head and I land at their feet.

If I was bright, I would have gone into some lucrative profession and made a mint, as a lawyer, doctor, business man, or...even been a smart crook. But I'm not, so I became a detective and make my living wiping the mistakes of those who are. Being a detective isn't too respectable.

I'm not dumb enough, however, to take a job in those respectable old maid type jobs that help people—you know, like social work. I ain't bright, but I also ain't dumb. I live in that no-man's land where I think for myself and can't bend to the kind of thinking that makes you socially acceptable and rich. In fact, to get rich, it helps if you don't think much at all. That's always been my problem—over-thinking.

Oh well, enough mental masturbation.

I had a delightful problem on my hands and I needed to concentrate on how to help her. This was difficult to do. Every time I looked at her, I forgot my train of thought. So I looked away, past the dust-caked, landlord-green walls of my office, out the smog-caked window. At the brick facing of the building opposite.

"Okay. Let's get down to the facts. What do you do? Where do you live? And when did you first notice they were after you?"

She shifted on my desk. The movement caught my eyes and I turned for just a second too long. Like an airplane sighted in on its landing approach by the runway lights, her red lips, blonde curls, focused my attention on her blue eyes and I was caught. (Fasten seat belts! We are coming in for a crash landing!)

"Well, you see, I have always worked for scholars."

"And were they blue...er, I mean, uh, do you work at...uh, the university?"

"Not always, but I am at present. As I was saying, I have worked for scholars: Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Vico, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, etc."

I didn't know the names. They were probably all old geezers.

"Are you a secretary?"

A charming blush began to redden her cheeks. "Not really. They called me their, uh,...personal muse." She looked down modestly at the floor. That unhooked me from her gaze, a fact I didn't much like but at least I could think beyond blue again.

If any other woman had said what she said, I would have immediately thought she was a high-priced whore. You know the kind. The kind that get bed, board, and all of the other benefits rather than cash for a one-night stand. But I couldn't think that about her. The thought choked off at the point of comparison with other women.

"Anyway, your present scan is at the Egghead Factory?"

"Scan? Egghead?"

"Excuse me. I meant, you work, presently, at the University, for professors?"

"Yes and no. I'm still at the university, but I'm not working for anyone. Professors have changed. Rather than being scholars, they're businessmen. They need a calculator more than they need a muse."

I could use a muse, I thought, but where could I put her? Not in the office. My present secretary, Port, is the proprietary type and besides, she knows too much about my past. I'm not saying Port would blackmail me. Port isn't subtle and blackmail is too gentle an art for her. Solomon once said a nagging wife is like a dripping leak. In that case, Port's tongue is like a busted water main! Besides, I just couldn't picture Ideal in my mean and meagre existence. In our little slum for two. So I put the thought from my mind.

"Okay. So you're presently unemployed and living at the university?"

I shouldn't have asked her, since she was unemployed, how did she expect to pay me? But I didn't. Like I said, I'm not too bright. All too often, I let personal feelings become more important than economic matters. That's why, lately, I've been on the bottle, more than on the job.

"When did you first notice that they were after you?"

"For several centuries, but especially in the last decade."

I decided to pass on that. "Okay, hon-er, Ideal, you run on home to the Egg--er,--university, and I'll dig around and see what I can come up with."

She seemed to float off the desk. Her arms were around me and she kissed me. Now I've been hit, black jack, beer mug, been slipped a mickey, even. But I've never been hit as hard as that kiss hit me. I sat in my chair in a daze. Several hours later, when I came to, she was gone.

Still weaving, as if I hadn't come down yet off my six-day binge, I half-opened, half-slammed the door with my head and hand and then nearly fell over the desk of old Double-ugly. With what I pay Port, she only stays with me because she is too ugly and nasty to get a job anywhere else. We operate on a mutual bond of disgust.

"She's nice."

"What?"

I had never heard old Iron Flanks express a liking for anyone. Total rejection was a mild form of judgement for her. She's a good Christian on Sundays; good in the sense that she can damn everyone quicker than anyone I know.

Today Port looked almost human. For once I felt guilty about the way I treated her. Must give her a raise, I thought. If I ever get a job that pays cash.

"I said she's nice, Sam. You'd better treat her right or I'll cave your goddam head in."

That's the first time Port had ever said anything to me that approached affection. "Yeah, I'll treat her right." I smiled at Port. Now it was her turn to be astonished. I don't think Port realized I had a mouth before. She probably thought that the slit in my chin was a shaving cut and that the occasional grunts she heard was only gas escaping from my gut and coming out my nose when I breathed. If she thought I breathed at all. Sometimes I even doubt it myself. Lately it seemed as if the poisons of the city came in but none went out. I left Port there in a stupor and hit the streets.

Inner-city streets should never be faced sober. Especially with that cold sober that follows a six-day drunk. For once I saw all of the garbage piled on curbs; the winos in the gutter and the pill poppers on the corner. I saw a squad car pull across the sidewalk and two uniforms pile out and slam a punk up against the car. One of the uniforms worked the punk over while the other slipped the cuffs on him. Probably a B & E man, on his way home from work. Oh well. Every job has its occupational hazards.

I decided to hit my usual haunts and survey the unrespectable crooks first. As any cop knows(ask one) petty crooks live in Ghettos of Suspicion and are easy to find. All you have to do is go to the right bar, or cafe, or pool hall, etc. It's the respectable crooks who are hard to find. They have offices in the Media and Financial centers of the city. I decided to go to the Ghettos of Suspicion first. Most of my friends are there. Besides respectable people, middle-class crooks included, make me feel as if I have vomit on my chin. Probably do, too.

So I hit The Deluxe Bar and Grill , downed a jigger of straight rye and talked to Charley, the barkeep. I described Ideal to Charley. He wiped a path between the spilt beer on the bar, like Moses parting the Red Sea, and rested his hairy arms a minute. Charley's arms are so hairy and he's been slinging beer so long that he can intoxicate you just by holding you in a headlock.

I like Charley. I like the way he smells. He is one of the wisest men I know, even when I'm sober.

Charley listened to my description of Ideal. He had a look on his face that I had never seen before. Charley had heard it all and his face would immediately let you know this was just more of the same. But suddenly he didn't have that look.

"Yeah. I know her. But there ain't any bums after her. They couldn't be. She died years ago!"

"What the hell are you talking about, Charley?"

"My mother. She died when I was twelve, but you described her exactly."

Charley wasn't any help. Besides the rye didn't taste good that morning. So I left. I walked past the windows of the one-storey pawn shops, piled with every kind of item: radios, books, construction tools, rumpled clothing, shoes...even skivies. The last possessions of men who will sell anything for a drink. (A word of advice--don't buy the skivies. They probably have cooties.)

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

From SONFLOWERS(Holy Order of Mans, 2101 Seymour Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming)

-This is a golden moment of supreme delight. Our home is permeated with the odor of the cooking of fresh-picked concord grapes. A wind chime is sweetly tinkling outside my open door as each passing zephyr touches it. Glancing through my window, I glimpse a spider's web(that fabled gossamer wing) gleaming in flickering iridescence as it catches the sun. For an instant, sight, hearing and the sense of smell are touched by the subtle manifestations of the splendor created for our senses to enjoy...

-In the very stillness of a sunlit room, thrills music grander than a symphony, soars freedom far beyond that known to men who venture into outer space; for spirit can admit no bounds. The majesty of all that ever was--that is, or is-to-be, sits humbly here, in holy silent one-ment of this room's small sphere...

One of the Ladies Compliments Us !
Thanks to Mrs. Mary Whittaker...

Enclosed please find a small contribution for stamps. It is my way of saying thank you not only for your wonderfully informative magazine, but also to say thank you to each and everyone there. The Family Day visits have made it possible for my husband and myself to visit my uncle (Charlie Sheridan) more than twice a year. You will never know how those visits brighten my days.

I know that very few people on the outside say nice things about those living "inside." I'd like to be one of the first to start a trend. I have NEVER seen such courteous people!! The last Family Day, found my husband and I lost in a sea of humanity, searching for a man that wasn't expecting visitors. A very kind gentleman rescued us and found my uncle operating the lights for the on-going show. It wouldn't have happened on the "outside." I know that some will say, "He was doing his job!" However, I think he went out of his way to be helpful. I believe the young man's name was Bob McDonald but EVERYONE was very kind and helpful and I just wanted you to know how much it was appreciated. Please convey our thanks to one and all.

Keep up the good work with your monthly magazine. Both my husband and myself enjoy it immensely!

Sincerely,

Mrs. Mary Whittaker

Another Lady sent us a recipe for LIMA BEAN CASSEROLE

1 cup dried lima beans	2 tablespoons chopped canned
1 teaspoon salt	green chiles
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion	2 cups stewed tomatoes
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chili powder
2 tablespoons chopped	
green peppers	

Cover beans with water; soak overnight. Drain, cover with fresh water and simmer until tender.
Heat oven to 350 degrees. Add remaining ingredients, pour into a casserole and bake for 40 minutes.

Serves 4 to 5. Preparation time: 55 minutes
Approximate calories per serving: 160



Have you heard a roomer lately? If you haven't heard one by dinner time why don't you start one?

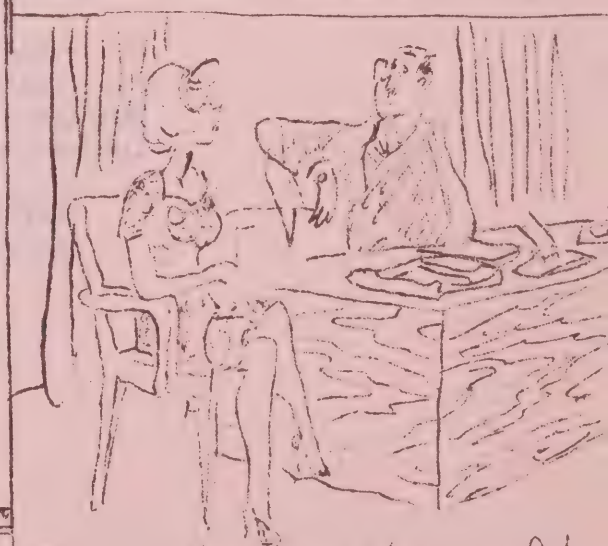


You say you were helping your husband move furniture and it just 'locked'?

rather

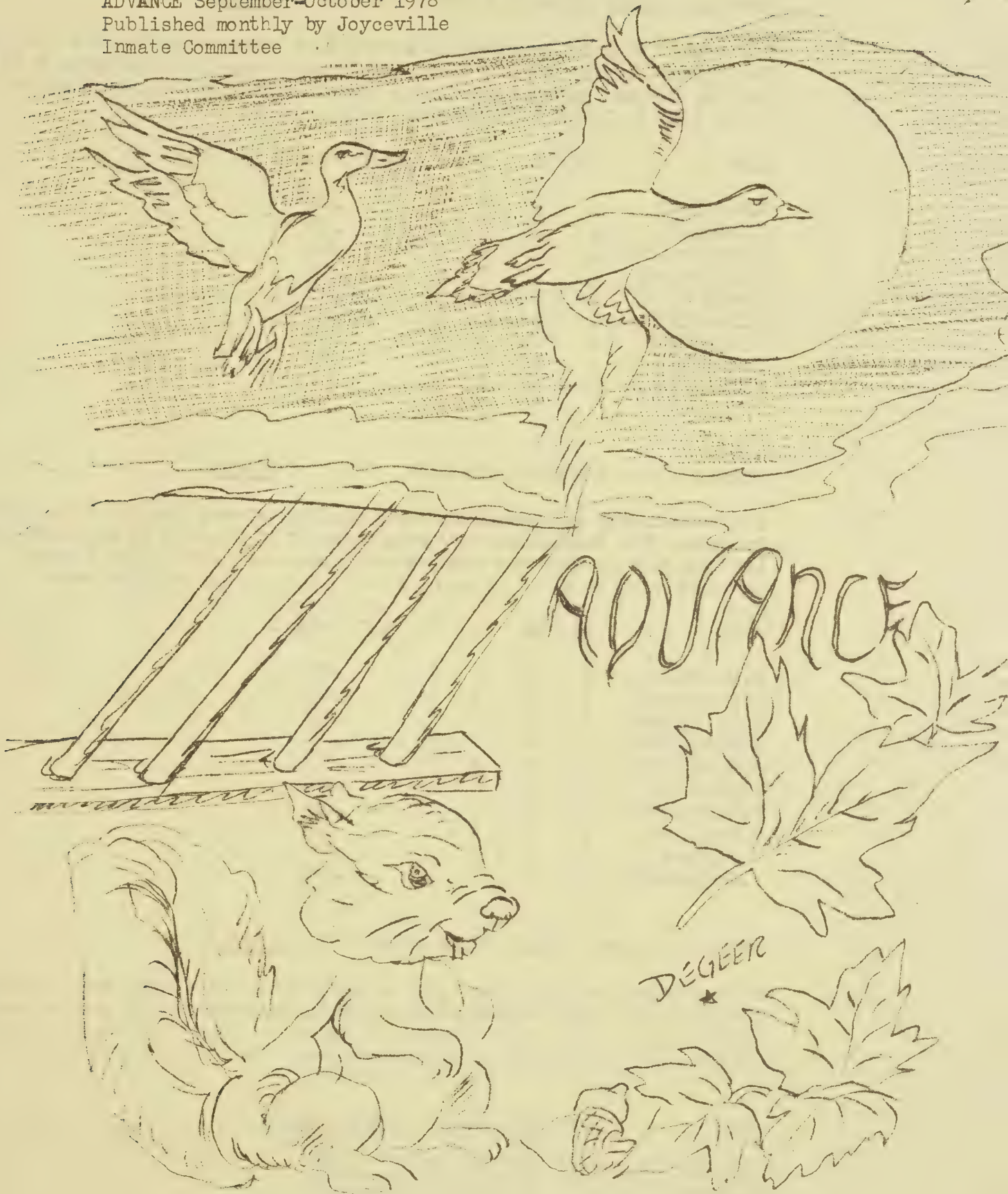
IF You think that was funny, buy the sun, it funny too !?!

ty



This letter is rather confidential, Miss Felts.

ADVANCE September-October 1978
Published monthly by Joyceville
Inmate Committee



SOFTBALL LEAGUE SEMI-FINALS BEST 3 OUT OF 5 MAJORS

The semi-finals got underway on August 21st between the Dodgers and Tigers. The Tigers started off all claws and fangs to win the first game 8 to 7 but the Dodgers pulled their fangs and claws to win the next 3 games 17 to 8, 9 to 6, 16 to 3. The ten top batters were:

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	BATT AVERAGE
G.Prince-D	4	16	7	11	.688
G.Geary-D	4	15	5	8	.533
C.Tattersall-D	4	16	3	8	.500
R.Babister-D	4	17	7	8	.471
G.Bell-D	4	15	8	7	.467
T.Desaulnier-T	4	12	4	5	.417
M.Daisley-D	4	16	6	6	.375
B.MacDonald-T	4	14	3	5	.357
J.St.Croix-D	4	14	4	5	.357
J.Cook-D	3	14	3	5	.357

SOFTBALL LEAGUE SEMI-FINALS BEST 3 OUT OF 5 MINORS

The semi-finals got underway on August 22nd between the Hurricanes and Raiders. The Hurricanes blew in with a win of 11 to 7 in the first game but the Raiders took the wind out of them, winning the next 3 games straight with 19 to 11, 9 to 6, 6 to 5. The ten top batters were:

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	BATT AVERAGE
G.Deschamps-H	4	14	6	7	.500
J.Maurage-H	4	8	5	4	.500
R.Richards-R	3	12	2	5	.417
L.Meredith-R	4	15	6	6	.400
R.Stubbert-H	4	8	3	3	.375
M.Grant-H	3	11	2	4	.364
B.Blundell-R	3	11	4	4	.364
R.McGill-R	4	12	5	4	.333
S.Boyer-R	3	6	0	2	.333
T.Jackson-H	4	13	2	4	.308

SOFTBALL LEAGUE FINALS BEST 4 OUT OF 7 MAJORS

On September 1st the finals got underway between the Blue Jays and Dodgers. The Blue Jays under strong pitching by T. Melanson and J. Conlin took the Dodgers 4 games straight, but the Dodgers gave them a game of it with good pitching by J.Cook backed up by G. Prince. The scores were: 3 to 2, 9 to 1, 5 to 1, 7 to 1. The ten top batters were:

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	BATT AVERAGE
J.Conlin-BJ	4	13	6	7	.538
L.Armes-D	4	7	0	3	.429

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	BATT AVERAGE
L.Walters-BJ	4	12	4	4	.333
D.Cooper-D	4	12	3	4	.333
I.Currie-BJ	4	9	3	3	.333
T.Melanson-BJ	4	10	1	3	.300
J.Lane-BJ	4	11	5	3	.273
C.Tattersall-D	4	12	1	3	.250
D.Thompson-BJ	3	9	1	2	.222
R.Keays-BJ	4	12	3	2	.167

SOFTBALL LEAGUE FINALS BEST 4 OUT OF 7 MINORS

On September 5th the finals got underway between the Animals and Raiders. It was a "no contest" as the Animals came out roaring and ate the Raiders 4 games straight: 15-5, 14-8, 7-4, and 11-3. The ten top batters were:

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	BATT AVERAGE
W.White-A	4	12	4	7	.583
M.Jacobs-A	4	13	4	6	.462
E.Ferrill-A	3	9	3	4	.444
K.Frise-R	4	12	4	5	.417
B.Teslic-A	4	15	6	6	.400
D.Robertson-A	4	15	4	6	.400
B.Angus-R	4	14	2	5	.357
B.Shelly-A	3	12	6	4	.333
S.Boyer-R	4	9	3	2	.222
R.Richards-R	4	9	0	2	.222

SOFTBALL LEAGUE COMMISSIONER

The season is now over and I would just like to say thanks to the players, managers who made it a great season and my job easier, and also thanks to all the umpires(who I'm putting in for eye tests) who did a great job under a big handicap, and thanks to the guys who looked after the ball field who did a good job.

Commissioner

Jack Hagan.

FAMILY DAY, September 16, 1978

A bright and breezy afternoon
I know I shall remember
We went to visit someone dear
Twas the sixteenth of September.
When we arrived the clock struck twelve
We'd reached our destination,
To see my friend was what I craved
With much anticipation.

The wait seemed long, till we walked the hall
But soon we reached the door,
And there he stood--that friend of mine
How could I ask for more?
With warm embrace he greeted us,
And each did give a smile,
We knew twas just a beautiful day,
And everything was worthwhile.

The day we waited for finally came,
It was Family Day you see.
Family Day--four times a year
Was made for him and me.
We sat and chatted for awhile,
And got the latest news.
With mixed emotions once again,
But no need for the blues.

We went outside and walked around
On the grounds we'll call his home.
For Justice says he must stay here,
Till he's dismissed--he cannot roam.
He'll never be alone here though,
For my thoughts will always stay,
Until the sentence is finished,
And he comes home that day.

We golfed, and watched the others play,
I stood--in thought of reality and time.
He turned and said, "Come sit with me at table green
In yonder corner, I think it's mine."
While at the table we talked and laughed,
Making merry our day to the fullest extent,
They did not know as I viewed the grounds,
My mind was racing--of what it all meant.

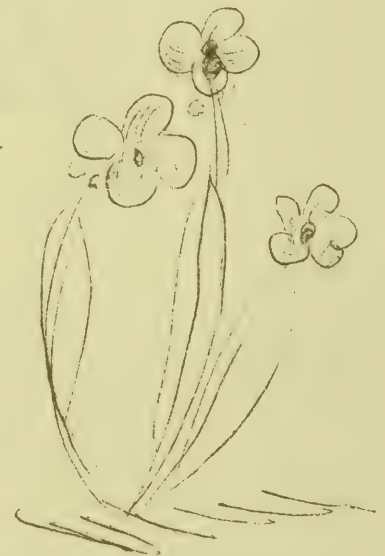
I viewed the valley just below,
My mind will see it many a time,
The color of trees stood all aglow,
God lives here--to take care of mine.
As the day went on with music and fun,
We were all absorbed in thought,
We relived the moments that we miss,
What a price--they can never be bought.



The clock revealed it was time to go,
And we must obey that call.
My heart sank deep within me
As I watched him walk the hall.
Everyone started to leave for home,
Get ready and go their own way.
What more could I say wasn't already
Said, "The end of a perfect day."

Kevin, we walked those grounds together
Just two of us--you and I,
And soon you'll walk them once again,
And maybe give a sigh.
The most of your time may be over.
Try to feel happy--not sad.
Always remember that I LOVE YOU,
And think of all that we had.

-DULCIE



LES AIEUX par Guil Hudon

Ils les perturbent s'il écoutent personne en marche sur le pavé des catacombes après tombée de la nuit (brunante). Après le crépuscule il y a le silence jusqu'à lever de la lune et alors c'est l'occasion pour la promenade.

Les aïeux ne sont pas morts. La raison ils vivent en les catacombes est parce que ils sont pauvres. Ils sont fiers aussi. Ils ne veulent pas les autres de voir leur pauvreté. Ils marchent seulement en la solitude.

"Quand elle semble finie, c'est seulement la commencement!" ils disent à l'un l'autre.

"La raison je ris!" dit Corneille. "C'est nécessaire à penser à la manière de faire d'argent!"

Le caquet des aïeux était immédiat.

"Telle sottise!" ils disent. "Nous ne avons pas le besoin pour les ailes!"

"Ailes!" renâclé Corneille, "Où s'en iriez avec des ailes?"

"À ciel!" ils disent timidement.

"À cela, Corneille dit, "Je regarde d'un air défiant tous conversation de ciel! Pourquoi tout le temps il y a un problème on écoute bavardage de ciel? De préférence conversation sur le soulagement des idées misérables! Le ciel est un des ceux-là!"

Choc. "Les grandes idées pour gagner sa vie au milieu des misères sont nécessaires!" ils disent, avec la logique usuelle acariâtre.

"Eh bien!" dit Corneille, "le changement est de l'effort grand en tout cas! La plupart ne sont pas contre le changement si beaucoup, qu'ils sont contre faisant l'effort!"

"Bah!" les aïeux disent ensemble en chœur, "tu as été parler comme ça pour cinq centaines! Pourquoi tu nous ne montres pas votre sagesse par faisant l'effort vous-même à première?"

Corneille était en noirceur. "Ce n'est pas rationalisme! Je ne essaie pas d'éviter la question! Mais nous sommes ensemble ici, non? Pourquoi est-il impossible pour tous à travailler sur la question de l'intention civile?"

"Pas impossible!" dit un copain vieux. "La question ce n'est pas une question d'impossibilité mais une question d'incompatibilité. Nous ne sommes pas gens avec les expériences mêmes! Nos intentions sont différents de l'un l'autre, et nos "ciels" sont aussi! Faites votre chose seule! Peut-être nous trouverez le courage de faire pareillement! Nous sommes frustrés déjà trop beaucoup fois de faire quelque chose nouveau sans l'exemple encourageant!"

by Dennis Bally
Recreation Department

1. NUTRITION DURING COMPETITION:

During competition, several important substances are lost by the athlete and must be replaced if optimum performance is to continue. Of course, the method of replacement will depend on the type of activity (ie continuous or intermittent) and the time available.

The substances lost are:

a) WATER:

- *water is lost from the body through sweating and respiration (ie breathing). Both of these increase with exercise.
- *as water is lost from the body, the blood becomes thicker and harder for the heart to pump. This places an unnecessary strain on the heart and reduces performance.
- *the normal daily intake of water for the average adult is 1500-2000 ml/day.
- *with extreme sweating, this normal intake should be supplemented with 500-1000 ml/day.
- *the following chart gives a general indication of how much water to replace according to body weight lost:

Loss in weight of 2 lbs..	replace with <u>4</u> extra cups of liquid
Loss in weight of 4 lbs..	replace with <u>8</u> extra cups of liquid
Loss in weight of 6 lbs..	replace with <u>12</u> extra cups of liquid

*during competition or practices:

- Take small and frequent servings of water
ie 7-14 ounces of liquid/30 minutes of strenuous activity.

b) ENERGY FUELS:

- *it is a proven fact, that activity will cease if the fuel sources are exhausted
- *the method of replacement is based on the time available and the degree of importance of replacement

i) Sugar diluted in water:

- *sugar MUST be diluted in liquid if it is to be used by the body
- *the main disadvantage of this form of replacement is that the sugar slows down the rate of absorption of the water.

1. NUTRITION DURING COMPETITION:

25

b) ENERGY FUELS:

i) Sugar diluted in water:

*thus, the coach or athlete must decide which is more important immediately:

a) water only...for quick water replacement

b) water and sugar....for fuel replacement and slower water replacement

c) SALT:

*salt is lost from the body during the sweating process along with water.

*salt replacement can only be made during lengthy breaks in competition because salt MUST be diluted in a liquid

ie 1-2 grams of salt per 1 liter of liquid

*generally, the average adult intake of salt is 10-15 grams/day (usually through food preparation)

*salt replacement is NOT REQUIRED by athletes who do not lose at least 6 lbs of body weight in a competition or workout. Any salt lost here will be ~~XXXX~~ replaced through normal diet.

*anyone who loses more than 6 lbs of body weight per day should replace salt at the rate of

6 grams/day taken in diluted form

TABLE 1 gives a condensed summary of the type of activity, what is lost, and what to do to rectify the problem. (See next page)

2. POST COMPETITION NUTRITION:

a) The athlete who is finished competition for a particular contest, should attempt to recover by eating a good balanced diet and getting ample rest.

b) The competitor who is finished competition for the day but must compete the next day, should eat a high carbohydrate diet and drink adequate fluids to replace water losses.

c) It is recommended that IMMEDIATELY AFTER COMPETITION, the athlete have some fruit juice, cool down, and then eat his meal (It has been shown that immediately following competition, the stomach is not ready to handle a large meal.)

TABLE 1: NUTRITION DURING COMPETITION

2 TYPE OF ACTIVITY	EXAMPLES	ENVIRONMENT	SWEAT RATE	PRIORITY	WHAT TO DO
Prolonged and continuous	skiing, walking running, cycling	cool	moderate	sugar water	take a sugar plus water solution
Prolonged and Continuous	skiing, walking running, cycling	hot or hot & humid	heavy	water	take pure water or diluted sugar-water solution
Prolonged and discontinuous	tournaments or meets in swimming track, wrestling, hockey, soccer, etc.	cool	moderate	sugar water	small, energy, rich meals if time permits juices, water, chocolates
Prolonged and discontinuous	tournaments or meets in swimming track, wrestling, hockey, soccer, etc.	hot or hot and humid	heavy	water sugar	emphasis is on keeping athlete hydrated by providing lots of liquids. Also eat energy rich foods.

3. FACTS AND MISCONCEPTIONS:

a) Misconception: "Ice water causes cramps."

Fact: *No evidence to this effect

*Ice water must be heated to body temperature before it can be absorbed....therefore it is recommended to drink only cool water, to help speed up absorption time.

b) Misconception: "Drink no water during practice. Suck on ice cubes only. Rinse mouth out only."

Fact: *Drinking of some water combats undesirable effects of dehydration

*It is best to replace water lost by sweating hour by hour.

c) Misconception: "A good way to make weight before a competition is by quickly losing body water."

Fact: *It is a dangerous practice because it interrupts the internal electrolyte levels.

*It results in:

i) physical weakness

ii) muscular incoordination

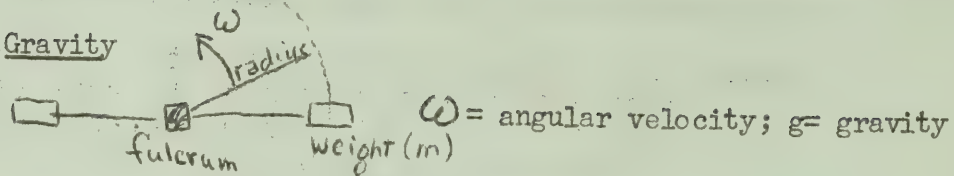
iii) possibility of neurological disturbance

NEXT ISSUE: We shall examine some of the facts surrounding the following subjects:

a) nutritional supplements....are they beneficial or harmful


b) obesity.....the overweight problem
its causes
methods of losing weight (diets)

1. Gravity



ω = angular velocity; g = gravity

In the formula $mr\omega^2 = mg$ and $\omega = \sqrt{\frac{g}{r}}$ (1) the angular

velocity is made to appear as ω^2 because gravity is not linear and is being regarded as so. ω is linear and r is linear, but gravity isn't. Gravity is a volumetric variable. In the above diagram the weights () are really poles within the gravity volume with radius = r .

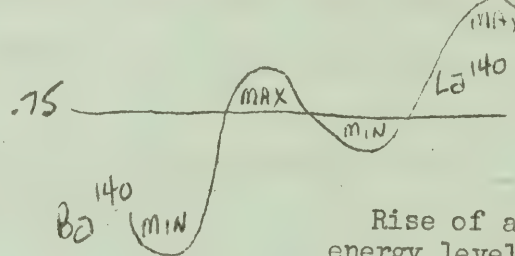
(2) Gravity as volume = $g = 4/3 \pi r^3$, ω is a measure of π transit speed measured in radians/ second

Combining (1) and (2)

$$\omega = \sqrt{\frac{4\pi r^3}{3r}} = 2\sqrt{\frac{\pi r^2}{3}} = 2\sqrt{\frac{\text{Area}}{3}}; \omega^2 = \frac{4}{3} \text{Area}$$

2. Growth of Activity

The growth of La^{140} activity out of Ba^{140} activity and finally to stable Ce^{140} activity, tells us that elements are not absolute natures of energy, but "arrived at" states of energy which any volume of energy can arrive at. This introduces relativity to the table of elements also, so long considered absolute slots of constant matter.



Rise of activity level (quantum levels, energy levels)

Over-lapping of less than Maximum in one and Minimum of the other.

Quantum of kinetic energy change due to temperature change. Increase in capacity of Matter.

3. Flow

The higher the energy level, the smaller the flow can be to maintain the same intensity as lower energy levels, which vary inversely in intensity without larger flows. Rate of flow from lowest level is equal to the sum of flows from all higher levels. It finally becomes a free flow situation

without hysteresis at all(with-holding, build up of energies in magnetic envelope). Superconductivity is achieved. There must be a constant supply though, and the measure is an active measure of flow rather than a passive measure which doesn't measure flow, only potentials. Flow must be determined from rise achieved.

Spaceflights require high energy flows at the coldest energy levels--solid state rise to supply power. Superconductor field(exponential drive)--tapping the process of becoming radioactive, as drive, but not allowing the build up to go into full radioactivity, and brought down to cool again for the next rise(pulsar drive).

METAPHYSICS

-curing is a matter of caring about the health of natures, not a matter of extirpation of natures in the slightest degree...

-the oppressors try to force you to do this and that "for your own good." They don't really get you interested or respect your pace or previous experiences at all. To struggle with them successfully you must (1) do only what interests you (2) at your pace and (3) relate it all to your previous experiences...

-of course we are looking for universal truths in science, so that we can relate in a real way with other beings in this universe...

-what we observe further can't be the same as what we have already observed.

-energies use us; we don't use them. It does matter where the energies come from. Have respect for sources...

-everything is more marvelous than how we perceive it at the moment.

-every atom is absolutely different from every other atom because it is not the same atom, even as every being is absolutely different from every other being...

-we don't solve differences; we bridge them...

-don't worry about the words people use against you. The truth keeps on anyway, whether we are with it or not. Words pass away; truth continues forever...

-a pail of water would make a fine molecular computer(plasma computer)...

-the system catches a lot of guys, but only devastates those who believe in it without qualifications(the innocents)...

-habit-centred thought presumes to be reality-centred because it is considered pragmatic and inclusive of all eventualities by the users with the Utilitarian Presumption: "It works as it is, so what in hell do you mean by higher function?" ...

-without true first premises you don't get anywhere real in thinking about them at all...

-others operate on us catalytically when they represent things we really need...

-we flow when we rest in peacefulness. When we are active we are searching for a way to get the unactive flows going again--to break out of suspended animations(deaths)...

-what are we working on in our fascination with sticking appendages into slots? Our engineering faculties? ...

-erudition is to speak of your experiential development, happily continuing...

... ..

14 先生貴姓?
0

15 我姓李,王先生家嗎?
0

10 來吧。
0

11 哎。
0

12 門口有人,你去看是誰。
0

13 哎。
0

6 我去看一看。
0

7 不用,我叫隆福去。
0

8 隆福。
0

9 哎。
0

1 門口有人。
0

2 誰?
0

3 我。
0

4 是誰?
0

5 不知道。
0

1. Mon k'ou yu run (There is someone at the door).
2. Shway? (Who is there?)
3. Whoa. (It is I)
4. Sheer shway? (Who is it?)
5. Boo jin dow. (I don't know.)
6. Wo ch'u, k'an i k'an (I will go to see.)
7. Pu yung. Wo jiaow Lung Fu ch'u (No need (for that). I will tell Lung Fu (the servant) to go.)
8. Lung Fu!
9. Ai! (the servant's response)
10. Lai pa. (Come here!)
11. Ai! (Yes!)
12. Mon k'ou yu run. Knee ch'u, k'an i k'an sheer shway. (There is someone at the door. Go and see who it is.)
13. Ai! (Right!)
14. (to friend at door) Shyen shung gway shing? (What is your name sir?)
15. Wo shing Li (Lee). Wang shyen shung dzigh (rhymes with "sigh") jyah ma. (My name is Lee. Is Mr. Wang at home?)
16. Dzigh jyah. Ch'ing jin lai. (Yes he is. Please come in.)
17. How (hao). (Good. Thank you.)
18. (to host) Li shyen shung lai lo (la) (Mr. Lee has come.)
19. Ch'ing jin lai pa. (Ask him to come in.)
20. (host to Mr. Lee) Ya, (ah) Li shyen shung hao ya (ah)? (Hello Mr. Lee, how are you?)
21. Hao. Wang shyen shung. Jahng shyen shung, tou hao ya (ah). (Quite well. Are you, Mr. Wang and Mr. Chang, both well?)
22. (both) Hao, hao. Ch'ing dzoa, Ch'ing dzoa. (Quite well. Please take a seat).
23. Shye shye. (Thank you, thank you).
24. (host to servant) P'ao ch'a. (Prepare tea!)
25. Shwo hwah, ju lai! (Coming in a moment (literally, "As you speak, I come").
26. Ch'ing Li shyen shung ho ch'a (Take some tea, Mr. Lee.
27. Pu gan dahng. (Thank you. Literally: "unworthy")

SF THE PERFECT ARRANGEMENT by Bill Hutton

I love computers. Machines of any kind. Those big sprawlers covering city blocks. The ones who know everything. If they don't know it yet, it's because one of their analogs hasn't met up with it yet. The explorer analogs go and come in space while Big Daddy collects and analyzes the data sent to him as they move and experience reality's contents.

One of the analogs had a goofy idea. He thought that the pool in the front garden of the computer complex would be fun to explore.

"But we would all have to be the size of atoms!" I said.

"So what?" he replied, "Big Daddy can do it!"

"Sure Big Daddy can do it," I said back, "But that doesn't mean that it's a clever idea!"

"Oh, come off it!" he retorted, "Don't be such a dullsville type! Where's the adventure in your soul?"

That did it. I always was a sucker for a dare.

Big Daddy directed us to go swimming in the pool, which was against institutional regulations, but somehow he squared it with the Director, and there we were, standing on the edge of the pool, all four of us feeling foolish as hell in our bathing suits in the month of November. One of the newsmen present quipped: "It looks like a meeting of the polar bear club!" to which another replied: "I'll write it up as an experiment in group therapy myself! What a bunch of nuts!"

Thank god Big Daddy would be monitoring us all the way. I was scared silly when the voice in our heads said, "Jump!" I jumped with the others, but I never landed in any water. As we jumped, Big Daddy made us small so quickly that all we did experientially(as far as we were concerned) was to jump into space. The on-lookers saw us disappear in mid-leap of course.

We found ourselves in a space ship that Big Daddy had equipped for our comfort, heading towards a tremendous front of clouds full of lights. Our speed was so great it was only a twinkling before we were cruising at flank speed in this huge nebula. Crossing the front wasn't as traumatic as I expected it to be. I just had the feeling that the space was a bit thicker. And it was populated by enormous suns with planets of all sorts moving around them.

I assumed the job of navigator, while my companions took the jobs of pilot, assistant pilot and engineer. The ship made for us by Big Daddy worked well.

I heard a laugh in my head. It was Big Daddy's unforgettable chuckle. "Suspicious confirmed!" he said.

One of the other guys muttered. "Listen to the big sadist! He's full of laughs, while we sweat!"

"Yeah, well without that sadist we'd just stay 4 more atoms!" the pilot said. "How do the drives function?"

The pilot was a good psychologist. I had to respect him for getting the engineer away from his self-pity disparagement of what was really a very exciting prospect. I had changed my mind about the prospects when I saw an arrangement in the waters of the pool which seemed just as perfect as the arrangement of the universe out of the pool.

"Do you mean to say you think there are people on any of these worlds?" Big Daddy asked.

"Well, it's logical!" I said.

The engineer agreed. "Surely! It's a consistent design, in the microcosm as well as in the macrocosm!"

"It doesn't have to be homogenous though!" the assistant pilot said.

"Oh true!" Big Daddy said, "I'm sure you'll find lots of differences from any spaces you've explored before!"

The spaceship handled beautifully. We were going so fast amongst the stars that the light from them appeared as straight lines, tracks. But our computers kept us safe from collision with any of them.

Big Daddy brought us to a G-type red star and we slowed as we circled one of its worlds--a lovely globe covered with water.

"There's life down there!" the pilot said in surprise.

"Yes, and cities too!" said the engineer.

"So let's land in some out-of-the-way spot!" said the assistant pilot. "They might be as savage as hell! We could become stew in minutes and our spaceship cut up for paper weights!"

"Do you think they are that primitive?" I asked.

"I don't necessarily think they are primitives at all!" the assistant pilot said, "But I imagine we are an impossibility to them! We could swear we were from outer space on a stack of bibles and they wouldn't accept this as sensible conversation!"

So we landed in a pasture about 250 miles from New York City. A couple of inhabitants moving in a vehicle down a road shrieked to one another: "Look, it's a flying saucer!"

The engineer said, "Has somebody else been using the pool?"

"Sure!" said Big Daddy, "Last summer the kids got permission to play in it with those saucer-shaped submarines they sell for kids at the supermarket!"

CHIT-CHAT by Francis Michael

A TICKET TO DREAMS-VILLE

One of the things that has always puzzled me is the function and discretionary powers the Consumer & Corporate Affairs people have and how they administer those powers. Let the little individual business man be slightly off base in his advertising and along they come and charge you as well as haul you into court, where they are prepared to slap a fine or put you out of business. Of course, a lot of advertising or statements could be misinterpreted the way they see it and there is nothing much you can do about it. It's the old story: "you can't fight city hall."

The reason I mention this is because there is one thing that puzzles me and that is the way the government is always preaching how "holier than thou" they are. Well, let's take a good look at how they run their so-called legitimate lotteries.

First of all, let me point out at the outset, that the odds for anyone winning is approximately between 600,000 and 800,00 to 1. That in itself is a pretty good rip-off. But the thing that bugs me the most is their "come on" advertising. Their T.V. commercials are something to behold. Never did I see such a seducing display of captive incentive and projective arrangements to fleece the unsuspecting public. How about the one where they have put mirrors up on the walls of many of the confectionary stores where lottery tickets are being sold, and the captions above the mirror says "LOOK IN HERE; YOU MAY BE LOOKING AT THE NEXT MILLIONAIRE !" ...Well, I have looked many a time and I have yet to see that millionaire they are talking about. What about the fact as to who is watching over all those millions being accumulated day in and day out, and also what are the disbursements of those funds? How much of those funds are being used for the benefit of the public? You can bet your bottom dollar, somewhere down the road a piece, we will hear some scandal as to who maneuvered funds for what and where...It never fails when there are millions of dollars floating around.

The best example of their inept policy is what a friend of mine told me about his high school son wanting to play football for a league in the age group between 16 and 18 years. They needed about \$3500 for complete equipment for the youngsters, and they approached Wintario for their project. The best they could get was a \$1000 grant, and this was after many weeks of frustrating approaches and numerous requests. That's when it was decided that all the grown-ups would get together and one way or the other put the balance of the necessary funds together, which was the way it was done, so that the kids could go out and play football properly.

When you stop to think how our government will foolishly spend millions of dollars on utter nonsense, like dedicating a library in Pakistan for 2.5 million, and then stocking it with books that are printed in Chinese, you begin to wonder. This is just one isolated case, but you would assume the government would be more concerned about the youth of this country ahead of disposing of large sums of public funds outside of their own needs. After all, the youth of our country today are the leaders of this country tomorrow.

To finish on a light note: I overheard in the common room where one guy asked another, "Do you know the difference between an elephant and a post office?" When the other guy said, "No, I don't!" (expecting a trick answer) the other fellow said straight-pan, "In that case I'll never send you to mail any of my letters !" See you next month...

PSYCHOLOGICAL SAFARI

CAN A THIEF BE HYPNOTISED NOT TO STEAL? WHAT CAN HYPNOSIS DO AND NOT DO?

First, let's deal with the more specific part of the question, the thief. Can appropriate hypnotism make him stop stealing?

Can the next post office (airways, railway, newspaper, dock, cigarette factory —) strike be prevented? You don't know for sure, no matter how educated your guess, until you know what the parties concerned have decided. It is helpful to think of hypnotising the thief as creating a comparable bargaining situation.

In bargaining there are usually two parties. Their interests conflict. Each party tends to concern itself with the facts that are supportive of its own interests, and to ignore, or destructively criticise, the facts favourable to the other party.

The conscious and subconscious levels of our minds play roles very like those of bargaining parties, each with its own history and its own interests. There was a time, in the individual's life, when the conscious mind did not have a well-organized supply of knowledge to work with. Immediately after birth a lot of things were happening, but the infant had never encountered these things before (e.g. changes in the weather, doors opening and closing, things going past on the street outside), and could not know what they meant. He could not plan goals, since he did not know what lay ahead or negotiate, because he did not know what others valued and therefore could be traded. Most serious of all, he did not have words, which older people use to organize their mental world and to tell their thoughts to themselves and others.

What the infant had, in good going order, were his feelings. His world was very much inside himself. He knew his own feelings and he responded to them. He howled, giggled, made a mess, and moved the parts of him that could be moved, as and when he wanted to. There was no outside world to be taken into account. What he had encountered outside himself didn't have any meaning, any more than computer programming had meaning for a medieval mystic. Some of the feelings, which would later go into the subconscious, just expressed themselves without concern about whether others liked them or not.

Columbus discovered America. Galileo discovered that the earth is not the centre of the universe, with all the heavenly bodies cheerfully revolving around it. The child discovered that there is a world outside himself. In this world there are beings who make decisions. These decisions depend partly on what he does. This makes his behaviour important. It will have to be planned. Instead of just expressing feelings he begins to wonder which feelings it would be wise to express, and how, and which feelings it would be wise to keep to himself. The more he explores his new discovery the better he is able to deal with this outside world to his own advantage. He makes plans, and his feelings have to be controlled to fit in with those plans.

Neither Columbus nor Galileo gained much popularity as a result of their discoveries. There was a lot of feeling about the whole thing, and those feelings were not happy about reason reducing them to childish nonsense. The same thing happens to the child's feelings as he gets older. The feelings want to carry on without any limit or control. Think of all the fun we're having! The feelings do not want to know about the big world outside where it's fun (pulling off the tablecloth when the meal has just been put on the table) is not wanted.

The feelings see things, as they have done from the beginning, in terms of what they would like to do. At first, reasoned thought had not been well enough organized to put up an opposition. Now it is. It is concerned about how people will react if the food on the table is pulled onto the floor. The feelings retort that they have always pulled tablecloths off and they will go on doing it. Reason replies with talk about punishment that will follow.

REASON: If you dare to pull the tablecloth off I'll get the hypothalamus to stimulate all the anterior pituitary cells.

q REASON: You leave the anterior pituitary cells alone! If I notice as much stimulation as would show a flicker on an EEG, I'll turn up the reticular formation and not give you a wink's sleep all night.

To cut a long story short (I haven't forgotten about that thief. I'll catch him in a few paragraphs) one part of the mind, the part mainly concerned with feelings, is thinking mainly about what goes on within the person. There might be no world outside at all. If it wants something it goes and gets it, regardless. Another part of the mind is very concerned about the outside world, the world that contains bigger people, parents, teachers, storekeepers, men who don't want children trampling across flower beds, fussy officials, and police. If the feelings do something that antagonises these people it is the reason that gets blamed.

The reason finds it very disturbing having these feelings around. It is not that the feelings are unattractive. They are very attractive. The very idea of stealing successfully leaves the feelings wallowing in wealth and all that wealth can mean. That's fine. But reason brings in the other possibility. "I may get caught. Then it will be a very different kind of wallowing!" When you think that way the visions of wealth only hurt. The contrast in possibilities is painful. You can't enjoy the happy prospect without the other possibility lingering around and spoiling it. To end this miserable conflict the mind shuts all the feelings, and a lot of the ideas, connected with the situation, out of consciousness. In a way, the trouble is gone.

Now the bargaining confrontation is all ready. Feelings put their demands, but the conscious realms of reason don't hear. Reason is simply concerned with the disturbing possibilities that remain in the consciousness and keeps trying to make the feelings understand that side of the story. The feelings ignore everything except their vision of wallowy wealth. Each side is listening to itself and not to the other. For a while nothing much happens. Reason is imposing its will on the feelings. Then an opportunity to steal something opulent happens. The feelings jump and grab it before reason has had time to

get organized and make a decision. (Maybe this is where the Editor should say, "Will the consequences that reason had dreaded now follow? Find out in the thrilling conclusion in Advance next month".)

All that has been described above is a rough outline of the mental events happening independently at different levels of the same mind. Hypnosis brings the two sides together in a spirit of some willingness to listen to the other. Reason takes a serious look at the attractiveness of successful theft, and makes a realistic balancing against the other possibilities, such as being disgraced in the eyes of friends. In hypnosis the feelings can be helped to experience things they have ignored; for example, that experience of disgrace, or the good feeling of having put an immediate gratification aside in favour of a satisfying growth in personality. The two sides are beginning to understand each other. They are using a process of mature listening, instead of the childish, "I will!" "You will Not!" which had been going on.

It is still possible that the two levels of the mind will play their old tricks, each claiming to have enough power to face its way on the other, and it may end in a mental shoving match. They are acting on a more mature level, but it's still not mature enough. There is real communication, although communication is probably never complete in any bargaining situation. Some cards remain concealed. But it is much less likely that the final decision will be based solely on the possession of power. The chances are greatly improved that the final decision will be the kind that achieves the common good.

There is the expression about "cutting off his nose to spite his face." That is what our behaviour sometimes amounts to. Under hypnosis we see the real meaning and value, to us and to others, of the behaviour we are planning.

In spite of hypnosis the thief may still steal. Stealing is not always wrong. Would the Nottingham and Sherwood Forest area have been a better place if the sheriff had hypnotised Robin Hood into changing his behaviour? Maybe, if Robin had hypnotised the sheriff into joining his gang, that would have been an improvement.

Hypnotism frees a person to make a better judgement - better in the sense that it takes more of the important factors into account - but the decision may not be changed. What was a shaky, meaningless decision now has a solid, mature, fulfilling basis. It may be put into effect with a confidence, and lead to personal development, that would not have been possible before. The hypnotist has not got greater control over the patient, to force the patient to accept the hypnotist's decision. The patient has got greater control over himself, to enable him to know what he really wants and to work to get it.

What can hypnosis do, and not do? Big question! Small Magazine!

Hypnosis is a very personal thing. No two people seem to have the same experience, in hypnosis, even if the induction was done by the same voice on the same tape. Usually the patient's experience is not that he is being controlled and directed by the hypnotist, but that he has found freedom to enjoy parts of his personality that he had been shut off from. It unlocks the door to a room of personal treasures. Some of these treasures are simple. Others are profound.

One person will suddenly find himself spinning around horizontally, in the same direction as the water at the outlet from the bath. Another will find himself spinning vertically, heels-over-head. And they find it's fun. Somehow, this is what they had wanted to experience, (I don't know why) and now they have. Another will have a smile on his lips and will ask to be allowed to stay in hypnosis a few moments longer. Later, he explains that he was paying a very vivid visit to his best girlfriend. Sometimes, of course, these things do not happen.

There was the time when I saw the fairy. She was a female fairy. It was not that she had any obvious female attributes. I just knew. And it wasn't that she took any interest in me. She didn't even seem to notice that I was around. She went on with what she was doing - looking at the flowers or something. She was a very beautiful transparent gray, about ten inches high, and seemed almost weightless. What I noticed most was the firm, clear, three-dimensional nature of the whole scene, fairy and all - far more solid and three-dimensional than a dream - that left a strong conviction of reality and rememberableness.

Don't get me wrong. I know I was in hypnosis. It was very realistic, as realistic as almost anything that is real. If someone was almost convinced that there are fairies this experience might clinch his belief. But how many people have you met who are almost convinced that there are fairies? I know that no fairy has ever been allowed through the Sally Port. I know that Admin Control would phone me before sending a fairy in to my office.

Don't you fellows want to see fairies?

I could provide a long list of things hypnosis can accomplish - controlling the bleeding of a wound, discovering why you have a strange dislike for someone you admire - something like this was provided in an earlier article. But all this is like asking, "What will happen if you teach Willie Shakespeare to write English?", "What will happen if you give that young Ludwig Beethoven fellow a piano and answer his questions about music?" It is often worth finding out. Hypnosis is opening the door to what you didn't know was there, and making good use of it.

Most people don't realise how much sound judgement and control could be provided by the subconscious mind. The trouble is, it lacks information and purpose. These can be provided in hypnosis.

Excuse me bringing myself into this again, but who else would want to be brought in? I enjoy a good meal. (Ask almost any Assistant Director). I tell my subconscious mind, in hypnosis, to look after the metabolism of the food and to see to it that I continue to lose weight. This is the kind of thing the subconscious does. Something has to decide what happens in our stomachs and elsewhere. Now my subconscious has direction and knows what's wanted. I've told it. So long as I do not make a glutton of myself I eat comfortably, maybe to the extent of being a bad example, and I lose weight. If I continue to lose weight, at the same rate as over the last twelve months, I will have achieved zero weight in about twenty-one years, and will have to begin looking around for my shadow. (Now, why did I say that? Anything to do with the weightless, transparent fairies?)

They wouldn't be going to be after running away with me, now, would they?

The purpose of poetry, and the better varieties of Irish blarney, and hypnosis, is to make clearer the deeper significance of the real world. The real world includes the subjective experience of our own minds.

Next month, if nobody suggests anything better, I may discuss, "What's the use of seeing fairies?" And perhaps I should try to get it across to my subconscious that these articles are too long.

Douglas Montgomery

THESE TEARS by Jimmie D.J.Campbell

These tears in my eyes—they shouldn't come to you as a surprise. They been hid for such a long time—in so much—they are about to blow my mind. This loneliness—that's what's got me down—and you're the only thing that can keep my spirits sound. These tears in my eyes—they make me see double--so why can't you realize, your man's in trouble? I'm not happy anymore--and without you-- my life is such a bore. I listen to the radio all night long--and all they seem to play are sad sad songs. But they seem to fit right in with my feelings, because this loneliness keeps my heart rock'n and reeling. If you really did love me--you'd help keep this old heart free. It's not like me to put on a show--but it's only because I love you so. But from now on-----,I'm going to face the world--and be strong--.

The drug pusher lurks by school yards and tempts our youth...

The youth rushed out of the school yard just as the drug pusher drove by in his cadillac...

The big time gambler bribes our police and corrupts our judges...

Judge levels high court costs and the lawyers fees are out of sight...

The gaudily dressed prostitute is an affront to our morality as well as a spreader of disease...

The ladies of the night were dressed very conservatively in business suits as they came out of the weekly check-up at the clinic...

These images of so-called non-victim crime cause great apprehension in America...

Actually, most people aren't concerned about any other crime than a cut in their wages, where they feel very victimized...

Yet the economic and social costs of enforcing laws against these crimes are also great--perhaps too great compared to their benefits...

Actually, punishment of crime has become more civilized than in the days of yore when sailors were keel-hauled for taking an extra pork chop and Jean Val Jean had to do life in the galleys for a loaf of bread...

In 1975, for example, 38 percent of all arrests were for non-victim crimes, putting an enormous strain on our criminal justice system...

Actually, in 1975, there was a shortage of employment and all the people out of work really appreciated the chance to run after criminals who weren't dangerous at all and had no victims at all...

Actually "non-victim" is really a misnomer. The major non-victim crimes: drug offenses, gambling & prostitution, often do have victims: the participants themselves, their families, and often the whole society...

We just can't let the definition stand that some crimes don't have victims, so we get intensely logical and find that even the dog gets lonely for his master when he is away at Los Vegas being a gambler, lecher and contributor to the economic welfare of his country...

It would be more accurate to call these crimes "consensual," to emphasize that those participating in them do so willingly...

Actually, if you call it a crime, then to willingly cooperate in it makes it a felony; but if you don't call it a crime it's merely fun...

The consensual crimes that trouble us most are those in which human weakness, economic incentives toward criminality, and often a basic ambivalence toward the activity among a sizeable number of people all interact...

Well, he used the word "consensual" so he must be certain that we comprehend that consensual means consensual... as well, it is clear that it is a together thing, which we can't be against except syntactically....

JOHN KAPLAN is Jackson Eli Reynolds Professor of Law at Stanford U. He has also served as special attorney for the U.S. Dept. of Justice and Asst. U.S. Attorney in California.

Actually, DONALD DUCK has never been properly married in his entire life. He is a confirmed bachelor and is quite convinced that God abolished marriage in the Garden of Eden...

Hungarian

23rd Psalm 23 ZSOLTAR (Psalter)

- 1 Az Ur az én pásztorom; nem szűköl-ködöm
- 2 Fűves legelőkön nyugtat engem, és csendes vizekhez terelget engem.
- 3 Lelkemet megvidámitja, az igaz-ság ösvényein vezet engem az ő neve-ért.
- 4 Még ha a halál árnyékának völgyében járok is, nem félek a gonosztól,
mert te velem vagy; a te vessződ és botod, azok vigasztalnak engem.
- 5 Asztalt teritesz nekem az én ellen-ségeim előtt; elárasztod fejem
olajjal; csordultig van a poharam.
- 6 Bizonyára jóságod és kegyelmed követnek engem életem minden napján,
s az Ur házában lakozom hosszú ideig.

from SON FLOWERS, August 1978
Holy Order of Mans Discipleship Movement,
2101 Seymour Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming, 82001

-THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST by Rev. Jerome Sanderson

"The second coming is being born within us. The Christ within us must express. The second coming of Christ sounds exciting when you imagine Christ coming to earth once again...But it is even more exciting when you imagine thousands of radiant Christ beings throughout the earth..."

-JESUS AND THE CHRIST by Rev. Bob Foster

"What is the Christian Mystery of divinity and humanity co-existing with Jesus?...The Christed Man that Jesus demonstrated is the potential of every man...This has long been the key to all spiritual growth..."

-THE POWER IN COLOR by Sr. Nita Ludwig

"Color is an integral part of our lives and has deep symbolic associations for man...Color may be more than just waves and particles. There is a definite correlation between the 'color forces' and the human organism..."

TO A FRIEND, HUGO by Paul Gravelle

Through knowing you, I have found
 Yet another part of myself.
 For man is but a handful of fragments
 Pieced together by those around him.

Though the path we travel may divide,
 May our minds never part.
 And keep a place warm for me
 In your heart.

I often wonder why
 Love flickers and dies,
 Why people's fondest hopes and dreams
 Cease to live.

Could it be, some have grown,
 Too old to hope,
 Too wise to dream,
 Too tired to love?

Or is it just that they are too lonely
 And forgotten, to care?

WORRYING HABIT

LET'S GET RID OF THAT BAD HABIT OF WORRYING
 RIGHT HERE AND NOW! by Keith Washington

Dear Friends, can I help you to get rid of the terrible habit of worrying!
 It begins with some simple words: "Have faith in God!" You can go through
 the most trying times of your life without fear or worry if you will remember
 this: Tell God in perfect confidence all your troubles. State your needs and
 have faith that you will be heard. Prayer is a light that has never failed
 and never will. But you must also remember that God does not expect you just
 to stand still and wait. He expects you to work with him. He expects you to
 do those things which have been found good. There are ten ways through which
 you can work with him as he helps you. Here are those ten suggestions:

- (1) Face the problem which worries you. Don't waste time worrying about why
 or how the problem arose. Face it and start looking for a solution.
- (2) Learn to wait. Time solves everything. You will probably not even remember
 five years from now what you are worrying about today. Even in your deepest
 worries, tell yourself—"This, too, will pass."
- (3) Be confident. Add to your knowledge of your work and the world about you.
 The more you know, the less you will be afraid. The less you are afraid,
 the less you worry.
- (4) Get around things. There are some problems for which there is no human
 answer. In worries of this kind, just say to yourself: "I simply can't see
 any solution, so I'm going to drop the whole thing from my mind."
- (5) Look at yourself. Look at yourself as if you were outside your body and
 were someone you knew. Once you can realize that hundreds of others have

NOTES

-On September 21, 1978 DREW HENNESSEY was given a vote of confidence, 84 yes out of 110 residents in Unit 2, to take the Committee Member position vacated by Jerry Patterson who went to Beaver Creek. We're all happy to see the Newfoundlander back in office. The Cod Squad is now operational again.

WORRYING HABIT(Cont'd)

had the same worries you now have, and have somehow gotten through them, then your own worries won't look so big.

(6) Imagine something worse. Yes, whatever the trouble, it could be worse!

(7) Don't repress your feelings. If you feel like laughing, laugh. If some great grief happens and feel like crying, cry. These are "safety valves" that help.

(8) Guard your health. As a general rule, healthy people worry less than sick people.

(9) Fill your mind. Have a good hobby or anything that takes your mind off your problems.

(10) Have faith in God. That is the most important counsel of all! The other nine suggestions help. They help greatly. But faith in God is a thing you must not only do, but have! Thank you for your time, in the name of "JAH" peace be with you always until you hear from me again.

LESSONS FROM LIFE by Ronald Russell

A child that lives with ridicule learns to be timid.
 A child that lives with criticism learns to condemn.
 A child that lives with distrust learns to be deceitful.
 A child that lives with antagonism learns to be hostile.
 A child that lives with affection learns to love.
 A child that lives with encouragement learns confidence.
 A child that lives with truth learns justice.
 A child that lives with praise learns to appreciate.
 A child that lives with sharing learns to be considerate.
 A child that lives with knowledge learns wisdom.
 A child that lives with patience learns to be tolerant.
 A child that lives with happiness will find love and beauty.

NOTES

JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY, 771 $\frac{1}{2}$ Montreal Street, Kingston, Ontario.

Women's Group. Meetings are held on Thursday evenings, at 7:30 pm in the meeting room of St. Paul's Anglican Church, corner of Montreal and Queen Street. Please phone 542-7373 if you need a ride.

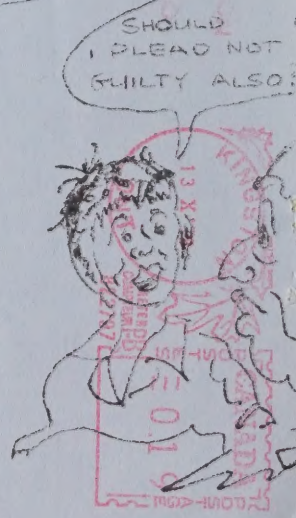
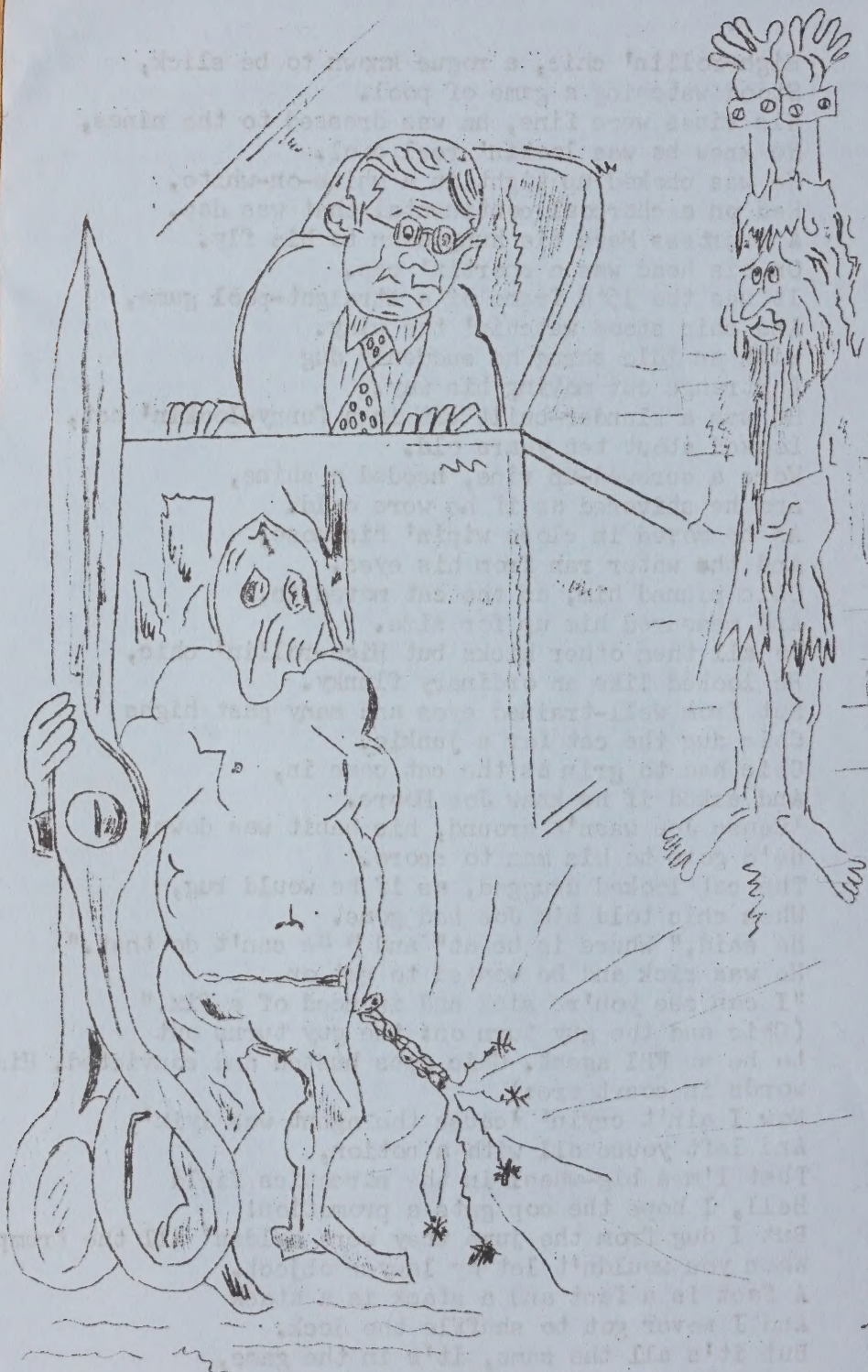
Programme: September 21st "Nobody Waves Goodbye"- film about teenage difficulties.

September 28th: Sheila Menard, Living Unit Officer from Joyceville, speaks to the ladies. October 5th: Stuart Payne, John Howard Society Parole Officer will show slides of Collins Bay Olympiad breakfast and answer questions from the floor. October 12th: Jerry Painter will speak about Big Brother organization. October 19th: Film: Profile of a Problem Drinker. October 26th: Linda Paul, policewoman on Crime Prevention and Community Relations. Maria Neil, Volunteer Co-Ordinator.

JUNKIE'S LAMENT from Lenny Bruce by Goldman

High-rollin' chic, a rogue known to be slick,
 Stood watching a game of pool.
 His vines were fine, he was dressed to the nines,
 He knew he was lookin' real cool.
 He was choked up tight in a white-on-white,
 Had on a charcoal continental that was dap.
 A Countess Mara tie hung down to his fly.
 On his head was a sportin' cap.
 It was the 15th frame of a straight-pool game,
 And chic stood watchin' the play.
 With an idle shrug he suddenly dug
 A strange cat moving his way.
 He was a slender-built cat in a funny-lookin' hat,
 Looked about ten years old.
 Wore a screwed-up vine, needed a shine,
 And he shivered as if he were cold.
 As he moved in close wipin' his nose,
 And the water ran from his eyes,
 Chic pinned him, as the cat moved in,
 And measured him up for size.
 To all them other hicks but High-rollin' chic,
 He looked like an ordinary flunky.
 But from well-trained eyes and many past highs
 Chic dug the cat for a junkie.
 Chic had to grin as the cat came in,
 And asked if he knew Joe Moore.
 'Cause Joe wasn't around, his habit was down.
 He'd gone to his man to score.
 The cat looked drugged, as if he would bug,
 When chic told him Joe had gone.
 He said, "Where is he at" and "He can't do that."
 He was sick and he wanted to get on.
 "I can see you're sick and in need of a fix."
 (Chic and the guy turn on: the guy turns out
 to be an FBI agent. Chic gets busted and convicted. His last
 words in court are:)
 Now I ain't cryin' 'cause the agent was lyin',
 And left youse all with a notion,
 That I'm a big-wheel in the narcotics field
 Hell, I hope the cop gets a promotion!
 But I dug from the jump they were holdin' all the trump
 When you wouldn't let my lawyer object.
 A fact is a fact and a stack is a stack
 And I never got to shuffle the deck.
 But it's all the same, it's in the game,
 And I dug it when I sat in to play.
 To give all the odds and take all the low cards
 Is the price a junkie must pay.
 I just want you all to note, and you reporters can quote,
 Ol' chic he lost with a grin.
 And there's those who know, and they'll tell you it's so,
 It's the same grin I wear when I win!

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